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# NATIONAL REVIEW

## NEW FACE OF WAR

Alistair Horne, William McGurn, David Horowitz,
L. Brent Bozell, and [illegible]

Was Socrates a Pl[illegible]

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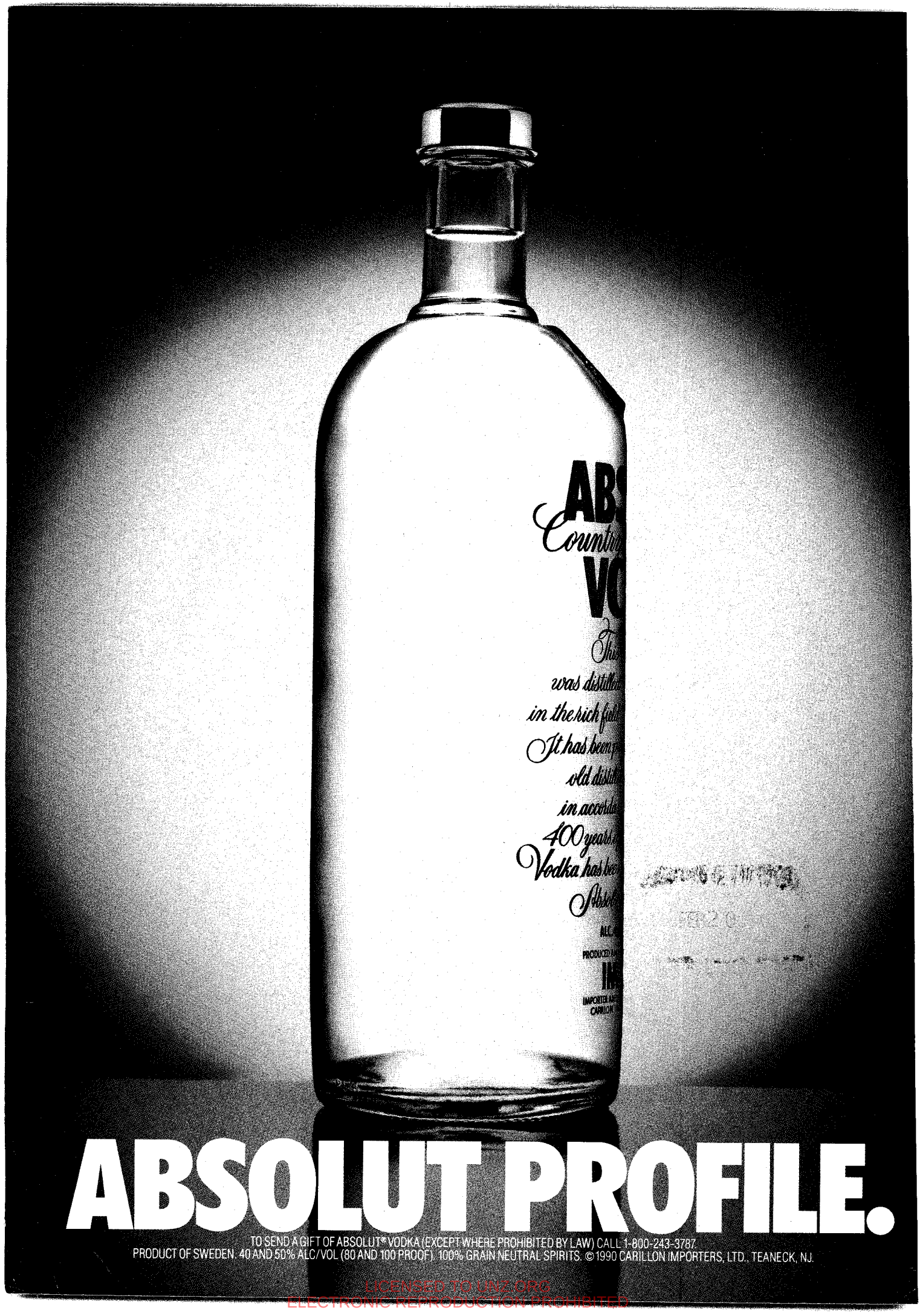


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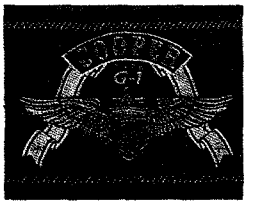

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

FEBRUARY 25, 1991 VOL. XLIII, NO. 3

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The Audit Bureau

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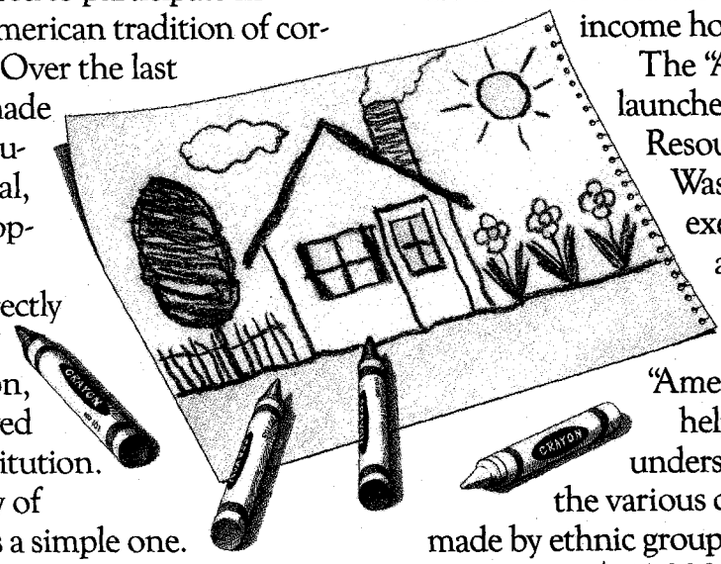


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# LETTERS

### *The Community Grows*

David Bar-Illan's well-crafted article ["On the Scene," Jan. 28] is seriously marred by a conclusion that hardly follows from events. He writes that "In the Moslem world, from Algeria to Pakistan, fundamentalism and radicalism are on the rise. The buds of freedom are few and far between." I suspect that the war to liberate Kuwait, the restraint shown by Israel, the broad-based coalition of Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, no less than Saudi Arabia, could be the opening salvo in a new era (not a new order!) in the Middle East.

A unified Moslem outcome was dealt a severe blow by nine years of the Iran–Iraq conflict; similarly pan-Arabism has been dealt a death blow by the alignment of forces against Saddam Hussein. We may in fact be looking at the Europeanization of the Middle East. National pride is an object of emulation for all parties in the struggle. The emergence of national rather than regional structures can be of great benefit to Israel in its search for peace. God is indeed great.

*Irving Louis Horowitz*
*New Brunswick, N.J.*

### *Big Injustice*

Eugene Methvin does an admirable job in delineating some of the more egregious examples of the corruption of justice and the seaminess of the political culture in Texas ["Texas on Trial," Dec. 31]. And while the 1988 and 1990 elections removed the most brazenly miscreant justices from the Texas Supreme Court, there is no cause for rejoicing. It appears that the new justices are merely less venal than their predecessors, but no less enamored of judicial power.

A unanimous decision of the Texas Supreme Court in 1990 declared unconstitutional Texas's method of funding public education (locally, through property taxes, as in most parts of the U.S.). Not only did the court proscribe a time-honored practice, it ordered the legislature and the governor to devise a plan to "equalize" educational spending throughout Texas and to submit this plan for approval by the court. If the court's timetable was not met, the justices would designate their own agents to devise and impose a "constitutional" scheme for education funding.

No less disturbing than the court's arrogation of legislative prerogative was the passivity of the legislature. The Texas Supreme Court is not a federal court, and is subject to additional checks by the state legislature. If an act of the legislature is insufficient to nullify the *Diktat* of the court, then a constitutional amendment would certainly win vindication at the ballot box. Yet neither Governor Clements nor any member of the legislature even suggested this.

As long as the legislative and executive branches remain indifferent to the separation of powers and fail to protect their prerogatives, judicial activism will flourish. The absence of outrage in Congress over the U.S. Supreme Court's decision in *Missouri* v. *Jenkins* is a sad commentary on the state of constitutional governance in our country.

*David Pettey*
*Fort Worth, Tex.*

### *Covert Scholarship*

I have read innumerable silly accounts of the celebrated National Association of Scholars controversy at Duke. Most of them have been shallow, puerile, ignorant—even stupid. What Jeffrey Hart has given us ["Epistemological Fascism at Duke," Dec. 17] is more of the same drivel—and, what is more offensive, drivel written in the sophomoric style of the *Dartmouth Review*.

Stanley Fish did refer to Duke's chapter of the NAS as a clandestine enterprise, and as far as I can see, he had every reason to do so.

The NAS at Duke began with an invitation from Professor David Barber to selected faculty members who could be counted on to "set good examples for their colleagues." As of early September, when Stanley wrote to the *Chronicle*, Barber's plan was still to "meet, probably not more than once or twice a semester, to discuss and decide what to say or do." Eventually, a "public invitation" would be issued, Barber wrote; but he added, "until that happens, it would be best to keep this confidential."

Despite Jeffrey Hart's blithe assurances to the contrary, the NAS at Duke actually has not attracted substantial faculty support. Some very good people are involved, of course. And yet, of more than 1,500 regular faculty members, only a few have joined the NAS. Of those who have, many are from among what might be described, with irony and delicacy alike, as the "senior" ranks.

Is the NAS also "racist, sexist, and homophobic," as Stanley Fish charged? I had supposed Stanley was merely advancing an opinion couched in the inflammatory rhetoric of our time. Much of the agenda of the national organization happens to be centered upon resistance to claims by women and minorities which the NAS judges misguided or excessive. One might or might not agree with Stanley on the merits. But surely no one today would be foolish enough to try to find 1950s-style literal meaning in phrases of this sort. And yet, according to Jeffrey Hart, these are obvious "lies," cloaked in language deliberately employed by Stanley to obscure the "objective and checkable" truth. Where has Hart been for the last thirty years?

*David Lange*
*Professor of Law*
*Duke University*
*Durham, N.C.*

*When the late Bart Giamatti was asked how it felt to be baseball commissioner after being president of Yale, he replied that he liked it because "you deal with a better class of people." Professor Lange's defense of Stanley Fish with comments about "1950s-style literal meaning" confirms Giamatti's point* —JH

### *Slave Motivation*

In an otherwise excellent and thoughtful review, Paul Hubbard makes one absurd statement ["Christmas Books," Dec. 17]. With respect to the American Civil War he states that "in the minds of those who fought and died, slavery was the issue." While this may have been true in the case of some soldiers of the Union, it is preposterous to suggest the Southern forces' motivation stemmed from some perverted desire to keep men in shackles. Plain ordinary folk do not rise to heroic actions in defense of nefarious institutions.

Southern society had (and indeed still has) many qualities sadly lacking in the North. It is neither surprising nor reprehensible that Lincoln chose to motivate his forces by portraying the struggle as a crusade against slavery, but, as is the case with most crusades, the real picture was undoubtedly more complex.

*Ian Malcolm*
*Montréal, Québec*



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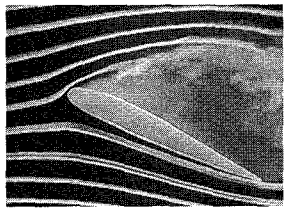

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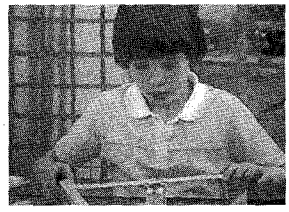

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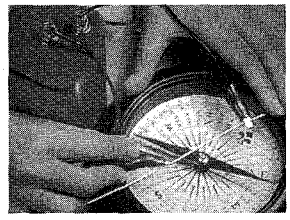

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## *FROM THE EDITOR*

# Images of War

■ It is almost impossible to turn on a television without being told Saddam Hussein will "win" the Gulf War politically, even if he loses it militarily. One such claim even posits a win for Saddam if he is "martyred": surely the ultimate case of a Pyrrhic victory.

The assumption underlying these claims—though their authors would vehemently deny it—seems to be that Arabs are stupid. They regard Saddam as an Arab hero for "standing up" to the West, i.e., inviting the destruction of his country's civil and military infrastructure and then proving unable to resist it. I doubt that the Arabs I met in Jordan and Saudi Arabia, shrewd as well as agreeable men, would wish to emulate such courage.

Mobs perhaps might. But mobs are not typical representatives of any race. And though they may limit political decisions, they rarely make them. Besides, the usual fate of mobs in the Mideast is to be shot at by the police.

Whatever the current bluster, the end of the war will be followed in Baghdad and elsewhere by a "morning after" when people see the results of Saddam's rashness. Should he survive militarily, he will probably perish politically not long afterward.

If he were indeed to outwit even his loyal subordinates, the events forecast in the London *Times* by Conor Cruise O'Brien would probably follow. Israel would embark on a war with Iraq to bring Saddam's rule to an end in every sense. And the rulers of neighboring Arab states, while denouncing Israel's action, would secretly support it.

No, I don't think Arabs are stupid.

■ Ever since Ronald Reagan's $2-million fee for speeches in Japan, the media have been reporting that he has lost the people's respect, while Jimmy Carter has been dispensing idealism *gratis*, to the delight of Peoria.

I almost believed this myself, when Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's White House pollster, conducted a poll as a birthday present for his old boss.

The results? On a "thermometer" scale from 0, representing "not at all favorable," to 100, for "extremely favorable," Ronald Reagan got a rating of 61 compared to 49 for Jimmy Carter. And when asked whether the defense buildups of the 1980s had been justified by weapons used in the Gulf, 85 per cent either strongly or somewhat agreed.

Just thought you'd like to know.

■ Don Kirk was the last American print journalist to remain in Baghdad after the war started. CNN viewers may recall him as the man who strolled back to the Al Rashid hotel from the U.S. embassy as hostilities dangerously illumined the night sky.

As his articles both in this issue and, earlier, on the Iraqi Ministry of Information illustrate, however, print reporting is more balanced and subtle than television. However often we are reminded that bomb damage might be caused by Iraqi anti-aircraft fire, or that the expressions of support for Saddam by passers-by might lack sincerity, our imaginations still reel before the dramatic image.

We have all seen the brief film clip of the police chief executing a Vietcong suspect, which seemed to express the harshness of the Saigon regime. It could not be analyzed or debated with. It simply flung a pictorial argument in your face—and dared you to take the risk of seeming insensitive to human suffering by disagreeing with it.

Only someone whom print journalism had already educated about the war could set that image in context—which meant continuing to be repelled by its brutality without being converted to the wider brutality of Hanoi that the victim represented.

I am not among those distressed by Peter Arnett's reporting from Baghdad. It is as informative as circumstances and censors allow. But I understand it better because Don Kirk has already described the censors.

—JOHN O'SULLIVAN



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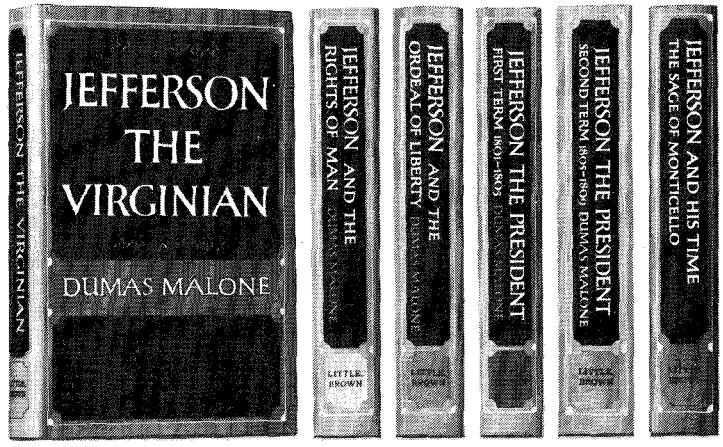


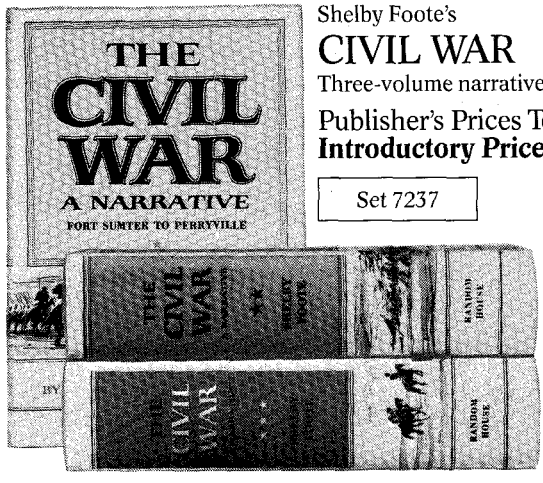


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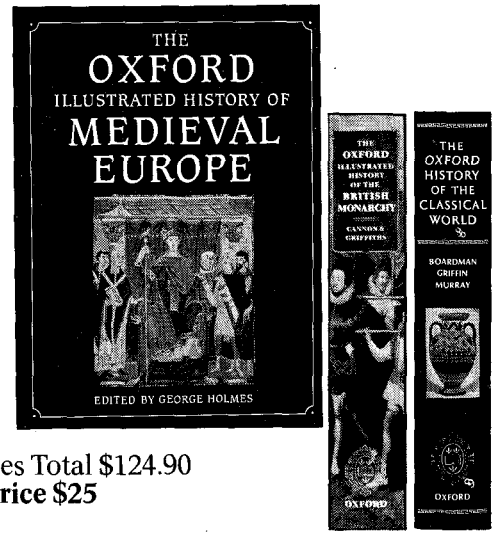
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# ON THE RECORD

■ Polls show international support for Gulf War. In Germany, Wickert Institute poll finds 70 per cent support for allies' actions; 82 per cent have no sympathy for U.S. antiwar demonstrators. In Britain, February 1 London *Sunday Times* poll shows 89 per cent in approval. French support rings in at 76 per cent, as reported in *Libération* newspaper poll. Among Italian youth, 65 per cent support, according to *Panorama*. . . . In the Mideast, Egyptian poll shows 86 per cent in support. **Osama El Baz**, undersecretary of Egyptian foreign ministry, says antiwar protestors in his country make up small minority—only 10 to 15 per cent. Turkish Piar Marketing Research/*Sabah* poll of January 28–31 finds 52 per cent of Turks favor **George Bush**'s Gulf policy, though they are hesitant to join the battle and feel war threatens nation. . . . Here at home, January 20 *New York Times*/CBS News poll finds that 82 per cent surveyed approve of George Bush's handling of Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, as opposed to 66 per cent in poll taken on eve of war. . . . *Harvard Crimson* poll finds 61 per cent of students on that campus support American participation in the Gulf War.

■ ANTIWAR UPDATE: Major peace group, Campaign for Peace in the Middle East, includes familiar players such as SANE/Freeze, Mobilization for Survival, Women Strike for Peace, American Friends Service Committee, etc. . . . Columnist **Christopher Day** of radical *Guardian* deplores dispersal of antiwar energies among rival peace groups competing for attention. . . . *Guardian* also warns that **Lyndon LaRoucheites, Liberty Lobby, John Birch Society**, "and other wolves in antiwar clothing" are trying to infiltrate the peace movement. . . . Meetings by a National Organization for Women (NOW) commission to investigate third-party possibilities are scheduled for early 1991. Appointed to commission by NOW president **Molly Yard** are such leftist retreads as former California chief justice **Rose Bird**, **Barry Commoner**, former Machinist Union president **William Winpisinger**, United Farm Worker official **Dolores Huerta**, and ubiquitous **Ramsey Clark**. . . . Radical homosexual groups, including ACT-UP, are setting up 800 number to help spread news about their activities.

■ American Conservative Union rated senators and representatives in terms of how they voted on SDI bills. Among contenders for Democratic presidential nomination: Sen. **Bill Bradley** (N.J.), ACU: 0; Rep. **Richard Gephardt** (Mo.): 0; Sen. **Al Gore** (Tenn.): 46; Sen. **Robert Kerrey** (Neb.): 0; Sen. **George Mitchell** (Me.): 0; Sen. **Sam Nunn** (Ga.): 54. . . . Rep. **Chester Atkins** (D., Mass.) scurried to **Raytheon**, maker of acclaimed Patriot missile, calling himself "the leading congressional supporter of the Patriot system." In 1987, however, Atkins voted against a crucial SDI-funding bill, which included money for the anti-missile missile. . . . When **Edward Kennedy** went to Fort Devens to bid farewell to Gulf-bound troops, welcome was cold; many grumbled, some cursed openly, reports **Don Feder** in *Boston Herald*. . . . On the Right, Rep. **Jim Bunning** (Ky.) is new chairman of Conservative Opportunity Society—a group of GOP lawmakers who focus on public-policy themes for their party.

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*"Prepare to be boarded!"*

■ In Republic of China, Nationalist government will formally end a state of war against Communist China which was proclaimed in 1948. Meanwhile, opposition Democratic Progressive Party is calling for ROC to declare itself separate nation—a declaration Taiwan President **Lee Teng-hui** opposes, for he says Peking has threatened to invade if Taipei declares independence. . . . *South China Post* reports arms deal is in works with Moscow which would give Peking Su-27 fighter jets, tipping balance of power in region in favor of Mainland. . . . *Free China Journal* quotes Communist Chinese leader **Deng Xiaoping**: "The Iraqi conquest of Kuwait was like a rehearsal of how the Taiwan problem can be solved. Much can be learned from the incident." . . . Some one thousand people were executed by Peking government in 1990. Those charged with crimes are guilty until proved innocent. Typically, one can be arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced to death, have appeal rejected, and be executed in a week's time. . . . Soviet Georgians don't want rerun of Vilnius in Tbilisi. "Most of the population is armed," says republic's interior minister, **Dilari Khabuliani**. Its parliament has decided its residents need not join Soviet army and has okayed plans to form National Guard, which will have some 12,000 men, joining Georgia's existing 20,000 troops and policemen. . . . **Radio Free Europe** has increased number of broadcasts to embattled Baltic republics. Latvian journalists censored at home send reports to RFE, which then transmits reports to republics. . . . According to *U.S. News & World Report*, the Soviet Union is sharing with Iraq information which can help it target its Scud missiles and hide the missile sites from allied spy satellites.

■ The BBC has listed 66 songs deemed inappropriate to be aired during wartime. On the list are **Eric Clapton**'s "I Shot the Sheriff," the Doors' "Light My Fire," and **John Lennon**'s "Give Peace a Chance."



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# THE WEEK

■ Next year the feds will spend $1.45 trillion. There is some talk of abolishing the penny.

■ With its first 54 Scuds, Iraq managed to hit two friendly neighborhoods in the West Bank, the Mediterranean Sea, the Persian Gulf, a friendly country (Jordan), several empty deserts, and a large number of airborne Patriots.

■ Ronald Reagan turned eighty years old last week. If he had never uttered a political opinion, he would still have had a full and productive career in the movies. But it was advocacy and leadership that made him a national hero. The tax revolt, inaugurated by his prescient push for Proposition #1 while he was still governor of California, is still a potent force in politics. The technology of SDI has proved itself over Riyadh and Tel Aviv. Gorbachev did not tear down the Berlin Wall; the Berliners did it for themselves. Warsaw, Prague, and Budapest are also free cities, along with Managua and St. George's. Fitting birthday presents, all of them—along with a nation's continuing love and respect.

■ The "Reagan-induced recession" (the media, *passim*) hit almost exactly six months after President Bush caved on taxes. The time-lag between Reaganomics and the recession was the longest peacetime expansion in U.S. history.

■ If publicity was Secretary of State James Baker's intention when he released a joint communiqué with his Soviet partner, he surely got what he wanted. While most of America's attention was focused on the spectacular performance of our military forces in the Gulf, Baker—without the President's knowledge—released the joint statement with Soviet Foreign Minister Aleksandr Bessmertnykh that was interpreted as offering a ceasefire to Iraq and linking the Gulf War to a settlement of the Palestinian issue. When Mr. Bessmertnykh hailed the communiqué before TV cameras as a major achievement, it had our allies in Paris, London, Riyadh, Cairo, and Jerusalem on the horn to find out what was going on. When the dust cleared it turned out to be nothing more than an attempt by Secretary Baker, thus far shut out from most of the war effort, to get a seat at the table. It instead demonstrated the wisdom of Mr. Bush's apparent decision to keep him out.

■ The emerging sophisticated antiwar argument, especially among antiwarriors of the Right, is to say: *You didn't tell us so.* Since the war has presented features—the oil spill, the flight of Iraqi planes to Iran—which no one in favor of military action predicted, then what credence can be given to their other predictions or judgments? Strictly speaking, that is an unrebuttable criticism—no one predicts everything accurately. It also, of course, applies to the antiwarriors themselves. It is true that starting a war is, in Hitler's creepy phrase, like entering a dark room. But some judgments—that it is better to have air cover than not, for instance—can be made in advance, and not all judgments are equal. The utterances of the peace-at-any-price party can be combed for wild predictions as well, i.e., that U.S. soldiers would suffer from mass nervous breakdowns, or that war would lead to a "Mideast holocaust." *NR* has not said that defanging Saddam would be cheap or quick, only that it was necessary.

■ Did the rich get richer and the poor poorer during the Eighties? The answer, according to a panel assembled by the Manhattan Institute, is a resounding "it depends." If the pre-tax income of individual workers, as reported to the census people, were a test, then the poorest 10 per cent would indeed be worse off now. But that is a false guide. *After-tax* earnings rose for *all* workers. Also, the rapid rise in employment during the Eighties drew erstwhile unemployables into the labor force. The employment of these marginal workers reduced the *average* income of the lower-income groups, even though they themselves were earning more than they had been receiving on relief, and those already working saw their incomes rise. At the same time an increase in the demand for skilled workers relative to their supply pushed real earnings of the top group higher.

ANOTHER VICTORY FOR BIG LABOR



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The lesson is: If you want greater equality of incomes for those in work, maintain unemployment as the Europeans have done.

■ As with a houseguest whose departure is forever "just a few days" away, it's hard to remember exactly when Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh first arrived in Washington, D.C. But a look through the clip files tells us it was December 1986—about $30 million ago. From his office suites in Columbia Square, one of Washington's most expensive pieces of commercial property, Mr. Walsh and staff continue to absorb public money at a rate roughly calculated at $40,000 a day. Producing what? Oh, press releases, speeches on government ethics, and promises of impending indictments of long-forgotten bit players in the Iran–Contra case. And those estimates don't even include his latest endeavor, an excruciatingly involved re-appeal to the Supreme Court of the case against Oliver North, whose story is now a piece of history. Probably it will prove easier to draw Saddam Hussein out from his bunker than to remove Mr. Walsh from the public payroll.

■ Postal rates went up again, apparently to pay for the heavy costs of reduced service. For the last six months, the Postal Service has been reducing its overnight delivery target from the 100-to-150-mile range, which tires the horses so much that only four out of five letters get there on time, to 50 miles. In sum, we get to pay five times as much for mail that is slower than it was twenty years ago, which in turn cost twice as much yet was slower than mail twenty years before that. One good thing about a monopoly is that today's miserable service makes yesterday's dismal performance look good.

■ If America had done what it ought to have done months ago for the Baltic nations, its leverage today might be greater. Since we never recognized the Soviet annexation of these countries—a lost cause, it seemed—we ought, when the cause became suddenly un-lost, to have announced our recognition of the new governments, and our intention to exchange ambassadors. Gorbachev's secret-police actions today would thus be, not merely an abuse of human rights, but a violation of the international order as well. Even at this late date, Iceland has taken the path of diplomatic recognition. If a nation with a population smaller than Cleveland's can muster the gumption to do the right thing, why can't we? A year and a half ago, the answer was that we didn't want to make life hard for Gorbachev the Reformer. Now the answer is that we need Gorbachev the Headcracker on our side in the Gulf. The real question should be, How long is Gorbachev in any guise going to be with us? Less long, we bet, than the courage of the Baltics will hold out.

■ The FMLN insurgency wreaking havoc in El Salvador recently received at least 28 Soviet-made anti-aircraft missiles from Daniel Ortega's Sandinista Army. One was used to shoot down a U.S. helicopter, whose surviving crew members were summarily executed. Nicaraguan President Violeta Chamorro is embarrassed by the "missile episode." She is assuring anyone still listening that the missile sale was an isolated incident involving officers acting independently and that eight of the missiles have been returned. Despite pleas from her own coalition and supporters in the States, the Chamorro government continues to finance Mr. Ortega's private army to the tune of $59 million per year. None of which makes Mrs. Chamorro a Sandinista, merely camouflage.

■ Polling data indicate, spectacularly, that Americans remain a religious people. In church attendance, prayer, and conviction, Americans are more religious than any other industrial nation. Strikingly, 84 per cent of us believe in Heaven (the poll did not go into the matter of Hell). Britain, Spain, Norway, and the rest are far down. In France, 27 per cent believe in Heaven; in Denmark, 17 per cent. The concept of an afterlife is a difficult one. For C. S. Lewis, Hell is permanent separation from God, while Heaven sharpens pleasures glimpsed on earth to their core of essences. Whatever the pleasures or pains, there will not be any Super Bowl games there—one supposes. In the figures of the poll, we see another example of "American exceptionalism." This term is usually applied to America's rejection of socialism, but that may be related to America's sturdy religious tradition and its concomitant belief in work and individual responsibility.

■ Undetered, Newark's Episcopal Bishop John S. Spong has struck again, with a new book arguing that St. Paul was a "self-loathing and repressed gay male" with "negative feeling toward his own body." Well, we know a self-hating Episcopalian when we see one. Bishop Spong feels guilty about his repressed disapproval of sodomy and is projecting his attitude onto the Apostle. We urge him to attend an old-fashioned revival and get in touch with his real feelings.

■ Walter Goodman, writing in the *New York Times Book Review*, has unearthed a *Dictionary of Cautionary Words and Phrases* put out by the University of Missouri School of Journalism. In the Age of Sensitivity, "illegal alien" is verboten: wetbacks are "undocumented residents." "Hearing impaired" is in, "deaf" is out. The term "beauty" should be avoided as regards sex objects, and you must not say "blonde and blue-eyed" unless you balance it with "brown-haired and brown-eyed." "Pert" and "statu-



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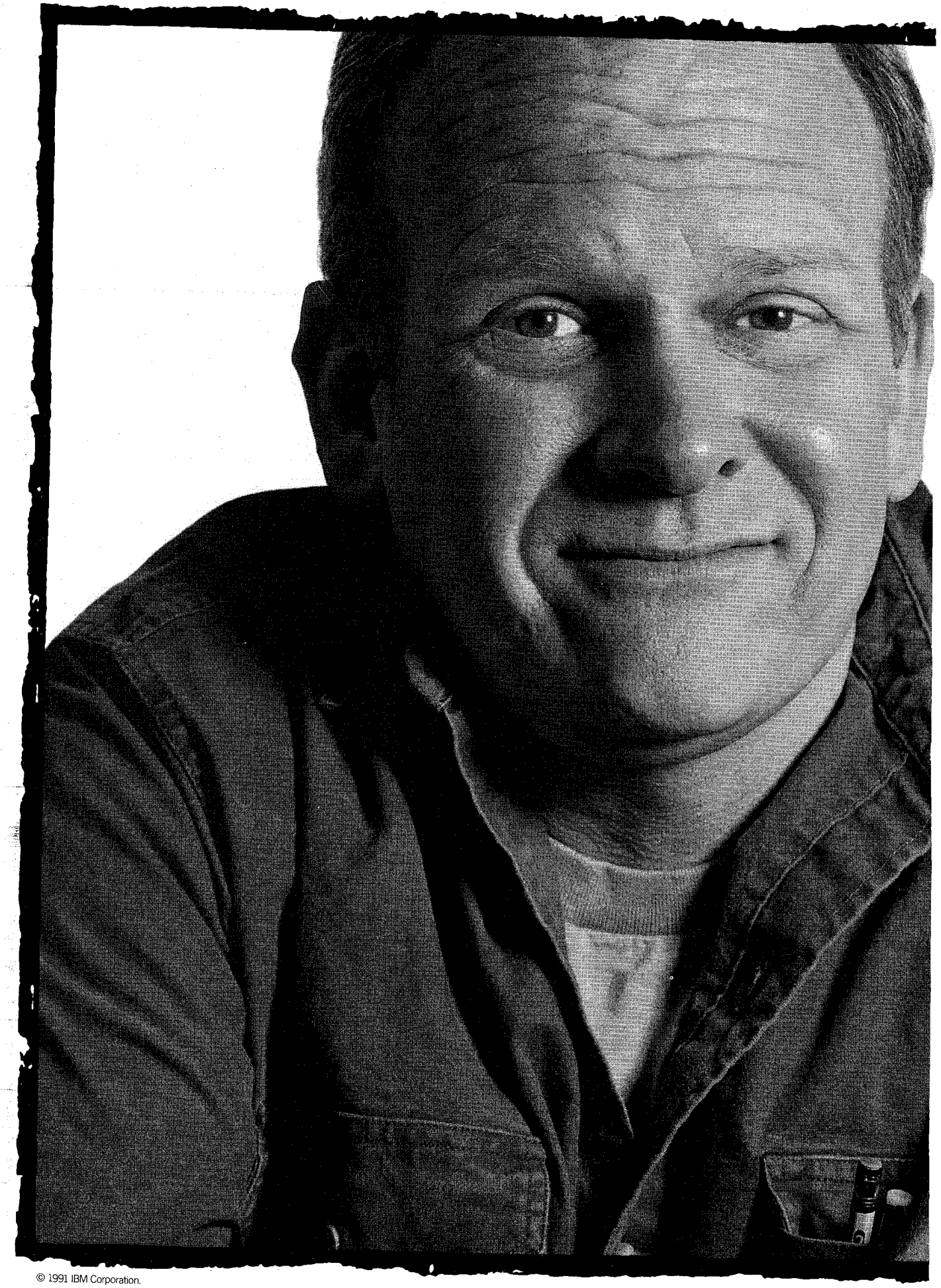

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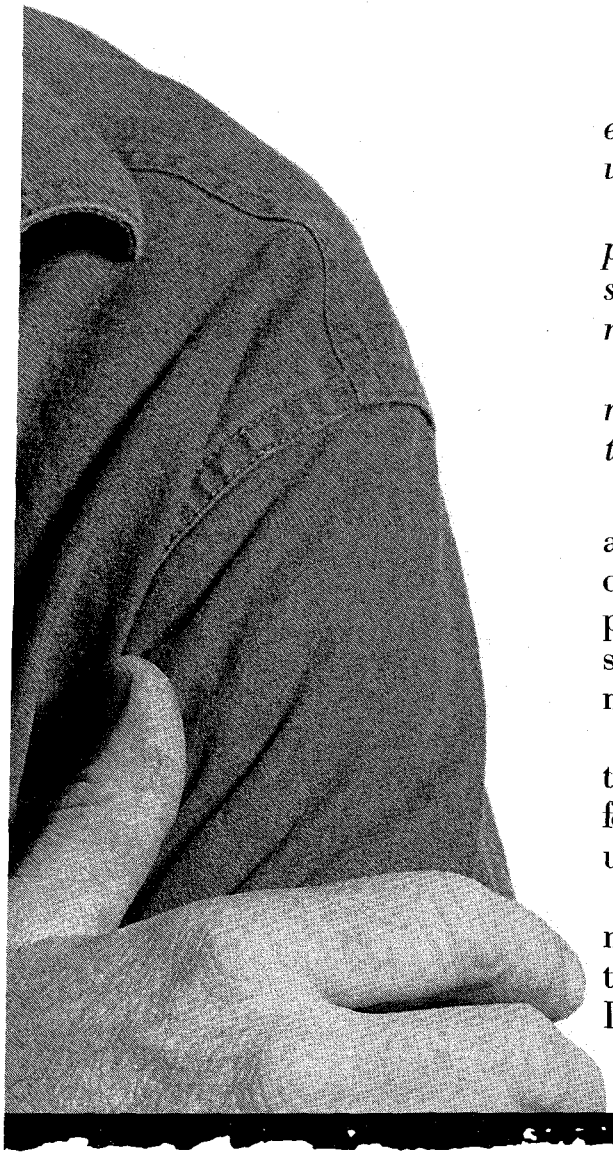

*"I figured I'd get burned either way—computers show up and I get fired, or computers don't show up and the plant closes down.*

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esque" are out. No black should ever be described as "articulate" even if he is an articulate "person." "Gyp," meaning "cheat," insults gypsies. Say "organized crime" and not "Mafia." "Fat" and "buxom" are out (how are we to write about Fats Waller, Fat Freddie Fitzsimmons, and Two-Ton Tony Galento?). The problem with Sensitivity about language is that it requires an utter insensitivity about language.

■ A federal Solomon, Judge Howell Melton of the district court in Jacksonville, Florida, has ruled that nude pictures in the workplace may constitute sexual harassment—that is, if the nudes are women and the people taping them up are men and the employees who take umbrage are women. Don't ask what happens if the nudes are men and male coworkers object—Judge Melton is still resting from his last ruling.

■ Good news is hard to come by this week, as usual, but Carnegie-Mellon University scientists have devised a voice-controlled robot that makes pizza.

## The New Face of War

BEFORE the Persian Gulf War began, experienced air generals predicted a loss rate of one-half of one per cent; that is, they thought that for every two hundred combat missions ("sorties") flown, the allies would lose one airplane. In fact, we have lost something less than one airplane for every *thousand* sorties—a rate to be set against World War II loss rates ten, twenty, or thirty times as high. At the same time, video footage of our successes are astounding: bombs squeeze into ventilation shafts, bridge spans dissolve at a single blow, military headquarters crumble but nearby apartment buildings are merely shaken. Almost every time—perhaps every time—that our Patriot missiles have engaged Iraqi ballistic missiles aimed at civilians, the result has been the destruction of these terror weapons. Our first airplane kills were scored by Sparrow radar-guided missiles, long derided by skeptics who favored "cheaper and simpler" short-range infrared missiles. Satellites and radar-laden spy aircraft observed Iraqi targets, airborne-control airplanes (AWACS) guided our airplanes to them; bat-like stealth airplanes, several times more costly than their conventional counterparts, slipped through enemy defenses unseen and apparently untouchable; Tomahawk cruise missiles picked their way across hundreds of miles of sea and land to deliver half a ton of high explosives within yards of their aim points. It all seems too good to be true.

Probably, in some sense, it is. Undoubtedly some bombs did not go where they should have, or were directed to the wrong targets. Some munitions were duds; some enemy airplanes got away; Iraqi repair crews diligently fixed bomb damage, set out decoys, and scurried into durable European-built shelters where they could ride out our attacks. We have lost airmen and will lose more, and we have begun to lose soldiers, male and female alike, killed, wounded, or in fearful captivity. Some of those casualties, moreover, have come from friendly fire, and more will do so. But the overwhelming lesson remains: Much of our military technology works, and works spectacularly well.

The credit for this can be spread broadly—to the Reagan Administration for building systems earlier Administrations had designed or procured in small quantities, and to the ingenious technologists who designed the weapons. Above all, the credit goes to the organizations that wield these weapons. A successful air attack depends not only on the brave and skillful pilot but also on the "backseater" who mans the weapon system, the ground crew that maintains the plane, the planning staffs that select the target, the logistic groups that keep spare parts, ammunition, and food available at the base, and so on. In short, our technological success is as much a reflection of the overall quality of our military organizations as it is of our scientific establishment.

There are, however, several points of caution to bear in mind. First, our technological edge is greatest in an air war. Because of the nature of ground warfare, the undeniable superiority of our tanks, for instance, will count for less—and supporting weapons such as the Bradley Fighting Vehicle, for example, may prove less dazzling than the Tomahawk or the Apache helicopter. An air war plays to our technical/organizational strengths, and we would be foolish to begin a ground war prematurely. Secondly, we must realize that despite the precision of our weapons we are dealing out death and destruction on a vast scale. Unavoidably, this means the inadvertent punishment of civilians: if we knock out power stations and burn up refineries and gasoline stocks, if we destroy Iraq's transportation system and the warehouses that hold food for Saddam's armies, civilians will suffer too. This should not cause us to stay our hand, but it is a sobering thought. A third and longer-term point to remember is that our

### *It's like Old Times*

Like Winston with Franklin and Maggie with Ron,
The special relationship's plumping up John
As George buzzes London, recalling the days
Ike had an affair and Berlin was ablaze.

W. H. VON DREELE



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lopsided successes thus far reflect a peculiar technological moment. We are bringing to bear the fruits of the Reagan buildup, designed to defend us against the world's largest military power, against a nation of some 17 million. The next time, our forces may be much smaller, and our technological edge far less pronounced; there is no law of nature that says American forces must be better equipped than their opponents. In the meanwhile, however, we may be thankful that the dedication and skill of our defense establishment, despite its well-known flaws and mistakes, has proved more than equal to the test before it. We hope and believe that it will continue to be so.

## Carter's Last Stand

YOU'VE got to hand it to the other side. For almost a decade they busily propagated the idea that Ronald Reagan knew nothing about economics, foreign policy, or defense. In recent months, however, the Gipper has been more than vindicated on all these fronts by the U.S. descent into recession when his policies were no longer followed, the collapse of the Soviet empire, and, most recently, the magnificent performance of the beefed-up Reagan military in the Persian Gulf. In the face of this evidence one might have expected an embarrassed silence from critics of the buildup. True to form, however, after years of telling us that anti-missile systems wouldn't work, they have now raised a new cry: that we owe it all to Jimmy Carter.

The first salvo in establishment revisionism was fired by Leslie Gelb in a January 17 *New York Times* op-ed piece saying that "almost all the technological wonders of the Gulf War were begun well before Mr. Reagan," followed up a week later by an editorial (Mr. Gelb again?) called "Patriots Work. Star Wars Won't." The Union of Concerned Scientists chimed in with a statement insisting that "the events in the Gulf War bear little relation to the technical promise of SDI or to the military need for it." And in *The New Republic* Morton Kondracke argued that "most weapons being used in the Gulf are not so much Reagan-Republican weapons or Carter-Democratic weapons as products of a 15-year development process requiring bi-partisan Administration and congressional support."

Like most effective falsehoods, all these elements have enough literal truth to make them somewhat plausible. True enough, Ronald Reagan did not create the idea of missile defense *ex nihilo*. What he did was move it from the drawing board to the launching pad, pushing an often hostile Congress (not to mention a frequently disapproving Pentagon) to make those ideas a reality. Similarly, Ronald Reagan did not come up with the idea of tax cuts. Lots of other people have proposed tax cuts, including George Bush and Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Only Ronald Reagan gave us one.

What all these political maneuverings have in common is that they approach defense the same piecemeal way Congress does, with little thought to strategy. Among the great achievements of the Reagan buildup was to invest money in a wide range of weaponry so that, in the event of conflict, military leaders like Generals Powell and Schwarzkopf would have some options before them. The point about wars that has eluded all the establishment experts is that you don't know what you will need until you are in one. And it's fair to say that Saddam Hussein is not being defeated by high-tech toilet seats.

In political terms, the effort to attribute our success to specific technologies that may have existed before Reagan rather than to the Reagan strategy that made them possible has another significance. As Frank Gaffney of the Center for Strategic Policy notes, critics continue to oppose a space-based missile defense because it threatens the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, which in turn is based on the wild assumption that perfect vulnerability equals perfect stability. In other words, you're not supposed to do anything to protect yourself—not because such protection wouldn't work but because its working would upset the balance of terror. Of course, you'd have a hard time selling that idea to the folks of Riyadh or Tel Aviv, and there's no reason to think Americans want any less protection for themselves.

## Bush, at Home and Abroad

AT THE midpoint of the presidential cycle, conservatives assessing George Bush's domestic record find themselves about where they should have expected: hopeful here and there, and deeply vexed that they cannot be more hopeful.

Bush still talks about the thousand points of light. In this vein, he called in his State of the Union address for enterprise zones, parental choice in schools, and tenant ownership of public housing—programs that could provide the basis for a new civil-rights agenda, though he does not yet seem to realize that. Meanwhile, Bush insisted that he wanted a civil-rights bill without "unfair preferences" (i.e., quotas); his one appointment to the Supreme Court will help assure that quotas are not imposed judicially.

On the other hand, the State of the Union address also looked back fondly on the new environmental-protection act, speaking of that basket of taxes and penalties in topsy-turvy language, as though it "applied the creativity of the marketplace" to the problem. Abortion, which at least got lip service from Reagan, has lost even that. Most seriously, Bush



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dismissed the abandonment of his tax pledge—the greatest defeat of his first two years in office—as the occasion of nothing but "sound and fury," and treated the brummagem spending compromise for which he abandoned it as if it were a serious deficit-cutting measure. At moments like these, it seems as if the only way to make contact with Bush's wandering political intelligence is by AWACS.

This mixed record comes as no surprise. The tipsters always said of Bush that he ran best with foreign policy. The Gulf now forces him to race for very high stakes indeed. So far, as NATIONAL REVIEW has argued, he has run very well. The two-minute standing ovation Congress gave when he congratulated the soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen fighting in the Middle East was, of course, a tribute to them. But the fact that Bush got them there, with Congress's and the world's approval, is equally a tribute to his own skills and steadiness of purpose.

Even in the midst of war, however, the world goes on. In the Baltics, it has gone very badly, as the Nobel Peace Prize–winner and *Time*'s Man of the Decade sends tanks and special-service thugs to shoot those yearning for the liberties he once seemed prepared to concede. With the economy seizing up and Yeltsin restive, the tensions in the Soviet Union may explode far beyond the Baltics, at which point Bush will have to decide how closely he wishes to be tied to his old negotiating partner. He has passed the first stages of a great test. A far greater one may lie ahead.

## Strait of the Union

ECONOMICS is no match for war as a speech topic. The President's remarks on capital gains, IRAs, free-enterprise zones—even his plea for lower interest rates—showed none of the passion he lavished on Desert Storm.

And indeed a successful end to the war would do more for the economy, at least in the short run, than any amount of monetary, budget, or tax tinkering. We fully expect the American consumer to start venturing out of his foxhole at about the same time that Saddam Hussein is blown out of his. Interest rates and inflation may fall to half their present levels by mid year. The trade deficit will plunge, and by late summer the recession will be history.

But then what? There is unfortunately no reason to assume that this economic cycle will play itself out the same way that other postwar dips have. Overproduction and excessive inventory accumulation—factors in previous postwar recessions—are hardly in evidence this time around. For the first time since the Great Depression, real-estate and asset prices are falling, along with the financial institutions that financed their growth. Private wealth is on the decline, and fewer people seem willing to take the risks required to create new wealth. Many economists believe investment and profits will continue to fall even after real GNP starts to rise.

The danger, then, is not so much a protracted recession as a "recovery" so weak as to be indistinguishable from it. The traditional economic prescriptions—easy money and higher government spending—are unsuitable because of a fragile banking system on the one hand, and record deficits on the other.

Dr. Bush's capital-gains-tax remedy, however, would do much to alleviate the asset malaise and get the economy moving again. Cut the maximum rate on capital gains to 19.6 per cent, and assets of all types would suddenly be worth more. (An asset's price, after all, is simply the capitalized value of future after-tax earnings.) Homeowners would have less reason to fear that the most important economic decision of their life—the purchase of a home—had been a mistake. The market value of S&L and commercial-bank portfolios would rise, easing the credit crunch and lowering the ultimate cost of the bailouts. Federal revenues would expand as investors unlocked their accrued gains. Most of those profits would be reinvested, with some surely flowing to small entrepreneurs who are now being told to get lost by bankers worried about the federal regulator looking over their shoulder.

Capital-gains-tax relief is an idea whose economic time has come. It deserves a better fate than the fact-finding commission which the President has recommended for it.

## Prudent Bankers

BANKERS have a reputation for prudence and wisdom, but the more one observes them the less this reputation appears deserved.

American banks lent immense amounts to Central and South American countries. None of these loans will be repaid in full (except perhaps Chile's). Banks will be lucky to get as much as fifty cents on the dollar. Banks repeated the same mistake in lending to then-Communist Poland and Hungary.

This disaster was altogether foreseeable. The export earnings (minus indispensable imports) of the borrowing countries never sufficed to repay their borrowings, which were not productively invested but went into the pockets of government cronies, who deposited them in Switzerland or bought luxury goods. The political instability of the borrowing countries was notorious too. Either our bankers were incredibly stupid, or they knew they would never be repaid and didn't care.



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Why did they do it? Bankers get rewards—promotions, bonuses—for making loans, not for refusing them. Performing loans look good on the balance sheet. For some years most loans perform: interest and amortization can be paid with the money borrowed. However—surprise—once the borrowed capital has been wasted, there are no further payments, unless more loans are made. But you have to stop somewhere. By that time our prudent banker has retired, or joined another outfit.

Ultimately the bill is paid by us. If bankers lend, say, $10 billion abroad, $10 billion worth of American products are transferred abroad. Unless the $10 billion is repaid, we receive nothing for our products, and American consumption, or investment, is reduced accordingly. Unintended charity? The money does not go to needy people. Goodwill? The loans are resented, as are demands for repayment.

Airplane accidents are investigated: we do not rest until the causes are known so that recurrences can be prevented. Not so with bank losses and failures, for which taxpayers ultimately must pay. Above all let us have no government guarantees: if the loan is too risky for the market it shouldn't be made in the first place. When the present "credit crunch" has passed, higher capital requirements for banks and higher insurance fees would help. Above all, those guilty of making irresponsible loans should be held personally and financially responsible. Right now we reward them.

—Ernest van den Haag

## *RIGHT DATA*

# Sharing the Gulf Burden

A FEW DAYS before the Gulf War began, the CBO released a study estimating possible costs for a war, based on two widely different scenarios; the lower figure came in at $28 billion, the higher at $86 billion. After two weeks of actual combat the assumptions behind both figures seem unreasonable.

The lower estimate, for example, is based on a 15-day air campaign followed by 15 days of the Army and Marine Corps fighting at half the intensity assumed for a war in Europe. The thirty days of fighting would leave 600 Americans killed, 2,400 wounded, and 100 tactical aircraft lost.

The $86-billion figure assumes an air war pursued at variable rates over a "long period," followed by a ground war fought at full intensity for thirty days, or at lower intensity for a longer period. We would take 45,000 casualties (7,800 killed), and lose 600 aircraft valued at $25 million each, 900 tanks at $3 million each, and 5 ships at $750 million each. Replacing lost aircraft and weapons, and spent ammunition, would account for about half of Desert Storm's costs under this scenario.

At this writing the White House is relying on an intermediate figure—$60 billion—as the expected cost, based on a three-month war costing $650 million per day. Allied pledges have already topped $50 billion.

While gratifying, the allied contributions fall far short of true burden sharing. The $60-billion figure reflects only the incremental costs of Desert Storm, costs over and above routine peacetime spending. It thus ignores the R&D costs incurred to develop the Patriot, Tomahawk, and Stealth technologies, as well as the costs of maintaining and training a standing army and reserves. Total defense spending as a percentage of GNP seems a far more meaningful indicator of the relative economic burdens associated with the Gulf War:

**National Defense Burdens, 1988**
**($ Billions)**

| | Defense Spending | GNP | Defense as % of GNP |
|---|---|---|---|
| U.S. | $296 | $4,847 | 6.1 |
| Germany | 35 | 1,158 | 3.0 |
| UK | 35 | 830 | 4.2 |
| France | 36 | 953 | 3.8 |
| Rest of NATO | 63 | 2,459 | 2.6 |
| Japan | 28 | 2,844 | 1.0 |
| Allies | $493 | $13,091 | 3.8 |

In 1988 (the latest year for which international defense-spending figures are available) the U.S. spent $296 billion, or more than the rest of NATO and Japan combined. The U.S. defense burden was six times Japan's, twice Germany's, and half again as great as the UK's.

True burden sharing would require that each nation's defense budget be set at the allied average of 3.8 per cent of GNP. For the U.S. this would mean a $100-billion *reduction* in defense outlays, based on the 1988 spending figures. Germany would be obliged to increase its defense budget by $9 billion, and Japan's defense contribution would rise by $78 billion, or by more than the entire projected cost of Desert Storm.

A full accounting for the economic costs associated with defense spending should also include its effect on the budget deficit, domestic interest rates, and the U.S. trade imbalance with these same allied nations.

—Ed Rubenstein



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## South African Perestroika

AS MIKHAIL GORBACHEV took the opportunity of global distraction with the Middle East to crush Baltic aspirations for national and personal freedom, South Africa moved in a very different direction: President F. W. de Klerk announced the imminent abolition of apartheid. He will soon introduce legislation repealing the four historic acts (of 1913, 1936, 1966, and 1984) that serve as the basis of his country's notorious racial separationism. Despite some white resistance, passage is all but assured.

Just as important, de Klerk's move was ungrudging. He accompanied it with resounding declarations that the old system was morally wrong, and that he means to keep South Africa in tune with "the basic values and ideals of the world's successful democracies and economies." South Africa, he said, "dare not make the mistakes that have led to impoverishment and dictatorship in so many countries of the world."

Of course, Gorbachev himself was speaking the same way a year ago. The difference is that the Soviet system is so locked into autocratic institutions that it may never find a peaceful way out of them. South Africa, for all its flaws, is a Western country. Even at the height of Verwoerd's totalitarian experiments in grand apartheid, it retained the semblance of free institutions—parliamentary government, private property, an independent judiciary, a semi-free press, and a respect for the rule of law—that forced the government itself to resort to every sort of legalistic trick to get its way and crush its opponents. As time went on, these remnants of liberty expanded and grew more confident, eventually blossoming into something like full civil society.

Equally important, it is a Christian country, whose religious leaders, black and white, seriously preach human brotherhood and have condemned apartheid. Bold as de Klerk's move is, no other course was really, in the long run, morally possible. Like slavery in the Roman empire, apartheid was doomed in the long run by the Christian message.

What will follow? The inter-tribal murders over the last several months warn us that the end of apartheid will not automatically lead to the establishment of either justice or stability. It is a good sign that Nelson Mandela and Mangosuthu Buthelezi were prepared to meet last week for the first time since Mandela's release from prison. But even if they manage to agree on cooperation and a joint program it is far from certain that their members on the ground will bury the *panga*. Should black-on-black violence continue, de Klerk's shaky support among white South Africans could shrink to the point where his entire reform program was imperiled. The racial polarization of apartheid would then re-emerge in far more dangerous circumstances than before. Not even civil war can be ruled out. In South Africa, however, the alternative to civil war is hope. In the Soviet Union it seems more like dictatorship.

### *The Check Is in the Mail*

Like charity balls where decor is de luxe
And jacketed gentlemen scribble big bucks,
The Germans contribute, and Tokyo, too,
To help the Americans more than make do,
But up on the Hill there are fingers so rude,
The gestures could hurt a contributing dude.

W. H. VON DREELE

## Black Mischief

TELEVISED COVERAGE of the Gulf War daily reminds us that burning oil can make a bully smokescreen. But it's not the first time. Remember the satellite images of the fiery battle of the Fao Peninsula during the Iran–Iraq war? There were sooty plumes aplenty back then, but only now do we hear the claim that such fires could plunge a large portion of the Northern Hemisphere into chilling darkness "for months or years."

Sound familiar? There he goes again. It's Carl Sagan and his new sidekick, Jordanian Royal Science Advisor Dr. Abdullah Touchan. They're back on TV with a retreaded prophecy, this time of *non*-nuclear doom and gloom. But the other Sunday they were ambushed by the facts on *60 Minutes*.

Dr. Richard Small guilelessly went over the numbers: forget the *several hundred million tons* of smoke conjured up by Sagan as the basis for the original "Nuclear Winter": there is scarcely enough oil above ground in the Gulf to yield *one megaton* of smoke. And even if the entire output of the vast oilfields of Saudi Arabia were to burn, only *15,000 tons* would go up in smoke daily. As for the environmental impact of fires in the Gulf, "Sagan and Touchan," declared Small, "very badly overestimated the effects."

The meltdown of "Nuclear Winter" was more a comedy of manners than a scandal. Predicating disarmament on mythology is a form of mischief easily forgiven; and the freeze movement failed to stop the deployment of NATO's theater weapons—the nuclear final straw that broke the Evil Empire's conventional back. But to tell the Butcher of Baghdad on prime time that he has his hands on the throttle of a global doomsday machine goes beyond black mischief into the realm of real menace.



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Still, the TV cameras in the Gulf have not been kind to Sagan. Watching the smoke plumes scudding along to dissipate into climatic irrelevance utterly vitiates Sagan's dark vision of the Northern Hemisphere covered by a chilling stratospheric pall. But the vast oil slicks that materialized in the days after his appearing on *60 Minutes* make one wonder: Has Sagan finally made the grade?

It could be the bleakest of ironies. Pursuing peace, he tried to summon up a frigid apocalypse on the eve of 1984. It did not answer. But in the midst of war in 1991, has he delivered instead—via the intervention of a tyrant who has been persuaded that the U.S. war effort can be derailed by hordes of outraged environmentalists—darkness on the face of the water downstream from Eden? But as for Desert Storm being called off on account of black rain in Foggy Bottom, forget it. There is no joy in Baghdad; mighty Sagan has struck out.

## Northrop Frye, R I P

NORRIE, gone in his 79th year! I can't believe it. He seemed immortal. Back when I was a Toronto undergraduate in the Forties, bizarre rumors did circulate, notably that he was an albino. (No, just very fair hair and an easily sunburnt face.)

Norrie esteemed literature as independently important. His senior colleagues saw only historical documents. I remember the man whose Chaucer lectures I suffered; for him, Chaucer provided the largest extant corpus of evidence on a particular Middle English dialect.

In 1945–46 I was one of the half-dozen in Norrie's graduate Blake seminar. He had finished *Fearful Symmetry*, the typescript of which he would fondle while discoursing. Qualify as you will, you'll not evade its status as one of the seminal critical works of the century. It blocked out what he would soon refine in *Anatomy of Criticism* and was still revisiting in last year's *Words with Power*: the proposition that literature is a mutation of archetypes, Western archetypes stemming chiefly from the Bible.

Jung entered that mix, and so did the fact that Frye was an ordained though non-practicing clergyman (sort of Presbyterian?), and so did his own rigorous rationalism ("I've not had time yet to figure that out," was his response to a question about a detail in Eliot's *Waste Land*). For things, he was confident, could be figured out, and that was what kept him secure from the muzziness of Jung, even as Jung freed him from figuring's tack-hammer tackiness. Between the two he carved out a unique space.

Toronto got around to acknowledging his eminence, with a Northrop Frye chair I filled a few semesters ago. I was his first ex-student to be so honored, and he and his wife, Helen, hosted a sumptuous dinner. He was still a-bubble with projects.

Oh—45 years back, the final exam for that graduate seminar was graced with a box of chocolates on the table. Norrie thought we'd earned those at least. What we'd chiefly earned was participation in his intelligence.

—HUGH KENNER

## Harold Grange, R I P

THE 1920s! The phrase sets up multiple vibrations. Perhaps the central theme is the sense of possibility. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic. Babe Ruth hit sixty home runs. You listened to Al Jolson, Irving Berlin, and Fats Waller, and put your money on Man o' War. Fitzgerald jumped in the fountain and wrote *Gatsby*. Hemingway went to Pamplona and his sun rose. T. S. Eliot wrote *The Waste Land*. The stock market went up, up, up, and people sang "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

It was a "golden age" of sports and alliterative sports writing. Jack Dempsey was the Manassa Mauler, Ruth was the Sultan of Swat, Tilden was Big Bill. Inevitably, Harold Grange with the flaming red hair was "Red" Grange, the Galloping Ghost.

In an age of ballyhoo, his exploits nevertheless were astonishing. At the University of Illinois, he was an explosive and elusive running back. Against undefeated Michigan in 1924, in the first 12 minutes of the game, he ran for four touchdowns and 265 yards. The game was over before people had had time to unscrew their hip flasks.

During the 1920s, the best football moved west. Back at the turn of the century, Harvard and Yale had ruled supreme. They played physically dangerous football: slug it out, no helmet and little protective gear. There were numerous deaths. Sociologists speculate that the brutality of Harvard–Yale football reaffirmed their aristocratic status: Cabots and Lodges were tougher than Kowalskis. Mayhem be-

### *Once More around the Island*

Just as John Le Carré thought
Every thriller had been bought—
Leaving Smiley and his spooks
Yellowing like old perukes—
Lenin's monsters once more stir,
Forcing him to disinter
Those delivered from the cold
As New Orders yield to Old.

W. H. VON DREELE



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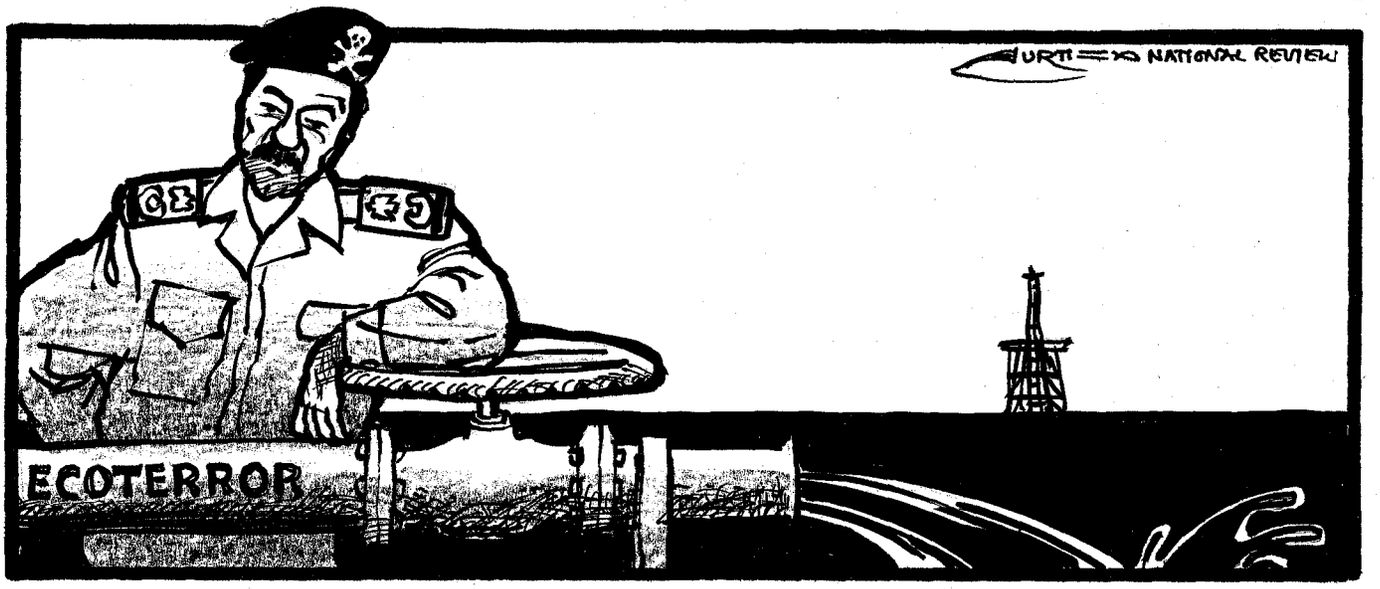


*"Just pouring trouble on oiled waters."*

came so scandalous that President Theodore Roosevelt intervened with life-saving football reforms.

With the 1920s such schools as Illinois, Michigan, and Notre Dame took over and brought the age of speed and maneuver to the game, and the great days of Rockne, Grange, the Four Horsemen, wide-open offense. Trench warfare was out, and the *Blitzkrieg* was adumbrated on hundreds of playing fields.

The last of these 1920s legends, Red Grange, is dead at 87. —JH

## NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My December 17 issue arrived in my post-office box on December 4. But my December 3 issue arrived today, December 5. Did the enormous production effort behind the remarkable 35th Anniversary issue somehow create a time warp? Or are there left-wing forces loose in the U.S. Postal Service who are attempting to create further confusion in conservative ranks by disturbing the linearity of history's first draft? Or did you stop lending a hand in the mail room as well?

Best wishes for a busy retirement,

J. Michael Bolinski
Devon, Pa.

■ Dear Bill:

I have been reading NATIONAL REVIEW for more than thirty years, including the May 14, 1990, issue in which Wm. Rickenbacker (sorry about any misspelling) spends two pages enumerating "mechanical problems in the current issue." I've never paid attention to any of these except for one that I noticed several issues ago. To add to Wm.'s list: "tool and dye," instead of "tool and die."

G. Everett
Roselle, N.J.

Dear Mr. Everett: Sorry about that. Dye, die. "The difference between the right word and almost the right word is the difference between lightning and lightning-bug."—Mark Twain. Right ho. Cordially,

WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Methinks thou hast created something of a non-sequitur when you replied to Mr. Brian Kulesza that "atheism has its own gods." Webster tells us that atheism denies the existence of any god. *Nicht wahr?*

Cordially,
Bob Flanders
Sharon, Mass.

Dear Mr. Flanders: G. K. Chesterton taught us that those who do not believe in Him will believe in anything, i.e., false gods. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

"Count Me Out" ["On the Right," Nov. 19] reminds me of nothing more than Kurt Vonnegut Jr.'s definition of a critic: a man who dons full plate armor in order to attack a hot-fudge sundae. Surely, in these exciting times, you are not so bereft of targets that you need to practice on a peaceful little song which, despite its shockingly liberal message, asks us only to "imagine."

For your next column, perhaps you will choose to attack some of Christ's other, lesser-known, homilies, such as "turn the other cheek," which is unrealistic and dangerous in this nuclear age.

You may find it interesting to read the lyrics to Lennon's "Revolution," or—if you have the time—actually to listen to them.

James R. McCarthy
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Mr. McCarthy: Thanks. But I'm afraid I don't have the time. Cordially, **—WFB**



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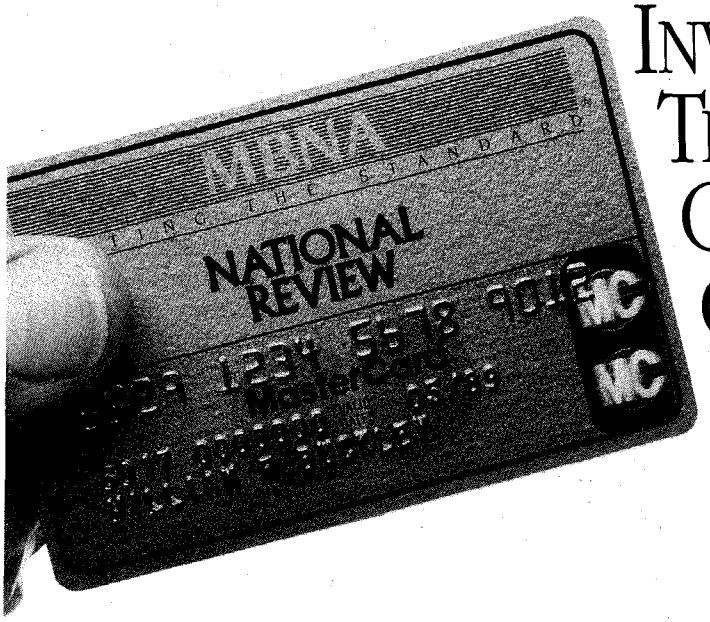


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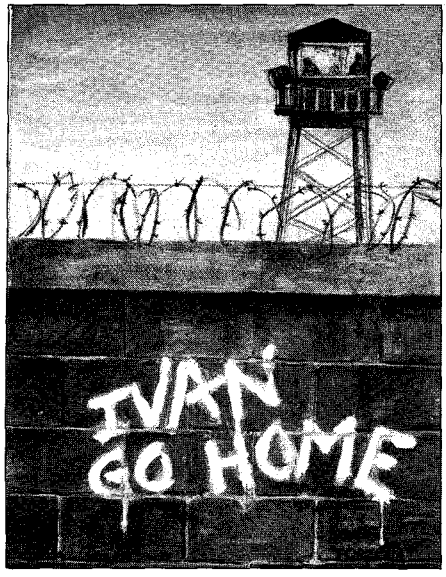
# ON THE SCENE

## The Red Army Remains

RADEK SIKORSKI




Joseph Borzotta

WARSAW

CENTRAL EUROPE is enjoying the third exceptionally mild winter in a row. Ten years ago January and February meant snowdrifts as high as a grown man's head. Ice-skating rinks were unnecessary, because all rivers and lakes froze for months on end. But so far this winter the only chilly winds have been political: easterly, but not mid-easterly.

Perhaps this makes Poland unique. If Sky News (Rupert Murdoch's satellite television network, which reaches as far north as Tallinn and as far east as Kiev) is anything to go by, the Western public is gripped by Gulf War fever to the exclusion of everything else. Poland is affected by the war in two ways: Iraq used to be a major customer of manufactured goods (up to two-thirds of Iraqi tanks are Polish-made), and a major supplier of oil. Yet in public perception, the Gulf seems much further from Warsaw than it is from Kansas City. All eyes are focused on events across the border in the Soviet Union, which are sending chilly shivers down Polish spines.

Above all, Poles are worried about the terms and timing of the Soviet troop withdrawal from Germany and Poland. Soviet withdrawal from Germany will be a logistical operation dwarfing even the vast effort of allied deployment to the Gulf. The numbers—around half a million troops in each case—are deceptive. The allied troops deployed to the Gulf as a task force have a one-time mission to perform, whereas the Soviets have been settled in Germany for half a century. They will have to shift not only huge amounts of war matériel—amounts once deemed sufficient for a successful offensive against Western Europe—but the soldiers' families with their goods and chattels as well. If the withdrawal were to proceed through Poland it would mean the passage of 11,000 trains over four years (eight a day) plus three thousand truck convoys of between two hundred and three hundred trucks each. Even if the transit proceeded smoothly, the wear and tear on roads, railway tracks, and bridges would be severe.

But, first in Lithuania, then in Latvia, and now in Poland, Soviet generals have become arrogant and inflexible. General Viktor Dubinin, commander of the Northern Group of Soviet forces in Eastern Europe, stated categorically last month that he has no intention of withdrawing his soldiers from Poland by the end of the year, as the Poles demand. The general said the Soviet army in Poland "will leave with heads raised high, banners unfurled, proud of fulfilling its internationalist duty," and "certainly not before the pullout from Germany has been completed." He added that if the Polish side "does not show good will, then the Soviet army will return onto the territory of the great power, the Soviet Union, according to its own plans and routes."

General Dubinin's statement was odd for two reasons. First, because it was made in public. Dozens of such statements are made all the time, but normally in private. Made publicly, such a comment has the air of an official policy—but whose? It is no longer clear who makes decisions in the Soviet Union. If Dubinin and his ilk get the upper hand at the Kremlin, their apparently outdated attitudes might soon become global Soviet policy.

Soviet inflexibility in Poland is particularly surprising given that the withdrawal from both Hungary and Czechoslovakia is proceeding without a hitch. The difference is that the Soviets intend for Poland to be the main transit route from Germany. The forty thousand troops in Poland are supposed to "secure" the withdrawal from Germany. Thus the Soviets seem to be saying two contradictory things at the same time. Their presence in Eastern Europe consisted in "fulfilling [their] internationalist duty" among friendly nations which the Red Army had liberated from (General Dubinin's metaphor) the "fascist plague." On the other hand, transit through these friendly countries needs "securing," as if the troops had to leave under constant threat of attack.

The nightmare scenario for Poland is that the Soviet army stays this side of the Bug river—i.e., in Poland and Germany—while the Soviet Union itself disintegrates. Far from being a coherent and disciplined force capable of imposing authority on the Soviet Union in the way the Polish army imposed its authority on Poland in December 1981, the Soviet army itself might become the scene of power struggles. The refusal of the Kaunas garrison commander to take part in the attempted coup in Vilnius confirms that the Soviet army is divided. Any factional fight for supremacy inside the Soviet Union might easily spill over to Soviet garrisons in Germany and Poland—where many officers and men are desperate in the knowledge that they might have to live indefinitely in tents on the edges of military airfields on their return to the Soviet Union. Memories of the victorious Soviet army raping and looting

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across Poland on its way to Berlin in 1945 give bad premonitions. Poles instantly imagine packs of desperate men deserting their convoys in transit and scrounging for food all over the countryside.

Nonetheless, Poland will find it easy enough to block or even derail unauthorized trains. Unless the Soviets launch a full invasion and actually occupy the transit territory, road convoys can likewise be stopped with minimal effort. The Soviet army units need constant Polish cooperation even to stay put on their bases, let alone move about the country. One Soviet base in Poland was recently brought to the brink of starvation when the private company that used to supply it was not paid in time. Times when one phone call from the Soviet Embassy to the Polish Defense Ministry would have settled such a matter are gone forever.

Because of their arrogance and clumsiness, the Soviets have missed the chance to maintain friendly relations with post-Communist Poland. Now, while angry Polish youths protest repression in Lithuania and throw Molotov cocktails at Soviet consulates, Lech Walesa speaks the language of the new geopolitics, referring in his official speeches not to the Soviet Union but to Russia, Lithuania, or Ukraine. Having been on the receiving end of Soviet internationalism these last seventy years, Poland is one of the first to back the republic leaders who will win in the end. When will the West come to terms with these same new realities? □

# Why Germany Hangs Back

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

MUNICH

"THE GERMANS to the front!" This was the order given in 1900 when an international military force marched from Tientsin to Peking to quell the Boxer Rebellion—and the Germans were proud of this. Now not only Americans but many Britons and other Europeans are asking why the Germans, once dreaded for their martial qualities, are holding back from the Gulf War.

To begin with, one must bear in mind that Germany is, in the words of a French observer, a castrated nation, the result of a resounding military defeat followed by total occupation and the loss of one-quarter of the country's territory.

This factor was reinforced by the prevailing German tendency toward leftism. Long before the establishment of the German Democratic Republic under Soviet tutelage, there was a strong leftist tradition. This tradition was particularly strong in northern and eastern Germany, although the assembly of evangelical vicars in Baden-Württemberg, in the southwest, recently voiced their deep concern that the "annexation" of East

Jennifer Lawson

Germany by West Germany constituted a victory for capitalism.

A related factor is the upsurge of the Greens. They form an anti-industrial, anarchoid party of pacifists, anti-militarists, and anti-technologists. They are also anti-American—ironically, because these very tendencies in German politics were fostered by the re-education imposed by the American Left after the war, when, to prevent Germany from ever re-emerging as a great military power (which it was only between 1870 and 1945), a violent anti-militarism was preached to the Germans, who obediently learned their lesson. In antiwar demonstrations the Greens play the part of the irresponsible Left, the *Chaoten*, who indiscriminately protest all developments in the hated "capitalist order."

To be sure, there are reasons for German pacifism totally unrelated to leftist politics. "Will Baghdad become another Dresden?" is a question murmured in pacifist circles. More surprising, perhaps, is the covert fear that the *Bundeswehr* might perform badly. Critiques of the German army from both right and left rest on the conviction that the new "democratized" army is not given the tough training of the former *Wehrmacht*, the *Reichswehr*, or the various imperial armies. (There was no imperial army at the time of World War I, only an imperial navy.) To be outshone by other armies would bring shame.

Furthermore, the Gulf War began at just the same time as the reunification of Germany. The new *Länder* of the former GDR are a poorhouse with obsolete industry, decaying housing, a devastated landscape, a demoralized working class, and a deracinated peasantry. New taxes are necessary to reconstruct an area laid waste by the follies of socialism. There is, moreover, the specter of added expenses if and when the flood of refugees from the USSR begins. Five million might be expected in 1991 even if there is no civil war (that many passports have been issued, according to Soviet authorities). Under these circumstances expenditures abroad are resented by nearly all Germans.

Which leads us to the reason for Germany's non-involvement beside which all the others pale. It is the rarely mentioned fact that a) a military dictatorship in the USSR is distinctly possible; and b) in the very heart of Germany, only 160 miles from the Dutch border, there are still 350,000 Russian soldiers who are not even scheduled to leave for another year or two. In other words, a World War III beginning in Central Europe continues to be a very real possibility. The Soviet army in the former GDR might be ill fed and depleted through desertions, but it is still there (as it is in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary). And even in the opposite case—i.e., the Death of the Dinosaur, with civil war and starvation such as have never been known in history—a German army moving east would have an

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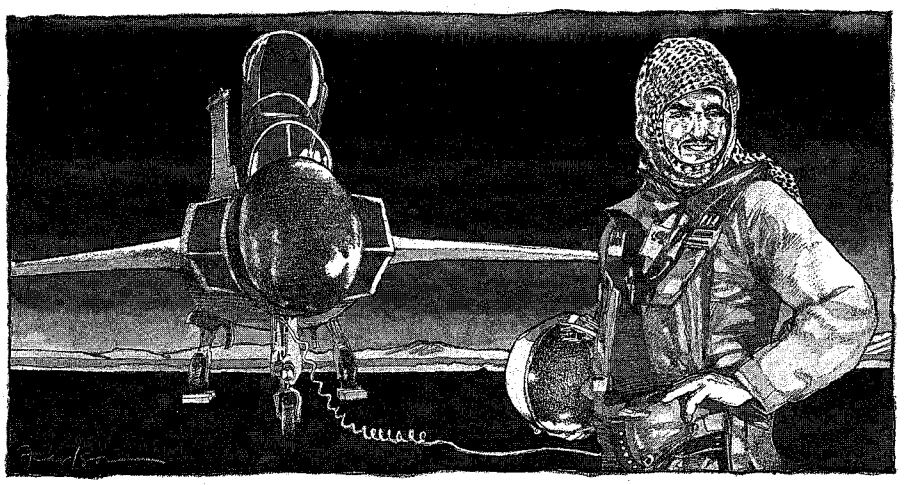
obligation (not only for humanitarian reasons but for self-preservation) to bring order into the chaos that would menace all of Europe.

Of these arguments nearly all Germans are aware, but, miraculously, there are still some who would like to see their country join up, sending men and arms to its NATO ally Turkey in order to establish, if necessary, a second front in northern Iraq. But do not forget how difficult it was for President Bush to get the mandate he needed from Congress. Germany too is a democracy, which means that popularity must be placed above loyalty, honor, or a sense of history. Present-day Germany is a country fortunately without a Führer, but also, alas, without a sovereign. □

# The War before the Peace

IAN ALEXANDER



Fred Carlson

RIYADH

"THE liberation of Kuwait has begun." Although local observers had all along believed battle was inevitable, those ominous words marked the transition from Gulf crisis to Gulf War, putting the entire Saudi capital in what one British resident termed "a fine state of nerves."

Within 48 hours, Saddam Hussein had contributed tangibly to Riyadh's state of nerves with sporadically timed Scud-missile attacks. To even the calmest observer, the triple explosions of a Scud–Patriot duel are at the least startling.

The first blast of the Patriot launching to intercept the enemy is a fairly standard concussion. This is followed by a house-rattling—often window-shattering—roar, which the uninitiated assume to be the collision of the good-guy Patriot with the bad-guy Scud; in fact this biggest bang is the Patriot breaking the sound barrier. The nervously awaited third blast is the report of the Scud's interception.

*Mr. Alexander is a longtime observer of the Middle East.*

There is something otherworldly here. The Scud–Patriot exchanges have resulted in virtually no damage to Riyadh (two buildings destroyed). The Patriots' nearly perfect knockdown record fully justifies their crews' slogan: "If it flies, it dies."

The U.S. and its allies have on the whole been very well served by efficient, intelligent military and diplomatic professionals. Cool, charismatic Commander in Chief "Stormin' Norman" Schwarzkopf is backed by solid, seemingly indefatigable Pentagon planners and State Department advisors. The American Embassy team, led by Ambassador Chas Freeman and deputy David Dunford, has provided patient, comprehensive support to the joint allied command, to the host Saudis, and to resident Americans. The American campus of the International School in Riyadh, led by Daryle Russell, has scrambled superbly to keep the educational system operating, coping with a drop in enrollment from 1,550 before Christmas to less than 550 after January 16.

The war to date has not been without its grimly humorous moments. One Western ambassador spent the first ten days of hostilities working and sleeping in a chemical-protection suit, gas mask at the ready. He was mercifully recalled after seriously proposing to his minister that the entire embassy relocate to Cairo. A prominent American attorney admitted that he had endured the first night of missile battles in a sealed room in his home dressed in Hefty trash bags, riding boots, and a rock-climbing helmet, finishing up with a gas mask.

The serious side of such bizarre behavior is the spotty education residents were given about how to handle chemical or biological attack. Moreover, despite nearly half a year's lead time, distribution of gas masks in Riyadh had hardly commenced by the time war started.

During the first 72 hours following the commencement of Saddam's Scud attacks, the nine-hour drive from Riyadh to Jeddah took up to thirty hours, so packed was the modern highway with vehicles loaded like prairie schooners with people and possessions. A teacher at the American campus had a sardonic reaction: "None of these people has ever lived through a Venezuelan election."

So adaptable is the human animal, however, that fear dissipates quickly. A Saudi who had appeared to age ten years with the onset of war now says, "The good news is the lack of traffic on the streets. Now, I can get to the office in a fraction of the time it usually takes." At a recent dinner, the conversation over coffee stopped for perhaps eight seconds when the initial Patriot blastoff explosion sounded.

Most people felt very differently just days earlier. Particularly graphic was a British banker's answer to a solicitous friend's call from London. To the query, "Did you evacuate your house?" came the reply: "Don't be silly; I was desperately trying *not* to evacuate my bowels."

Such pungent poignancy in this capital of the pivotal Arab member of the allied forces may serve to underscore the single most asked question: What shape will the peace take?

As of now, many Saudis are not sanguine about the Bush Administration's stomach to wage peace as successfully as it is waging war. Says one senior Saudi official, educated in the United States and an outspoken friend of America: "You guys make great firemen, but when it comes to rebuilding



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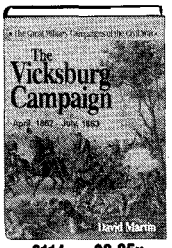

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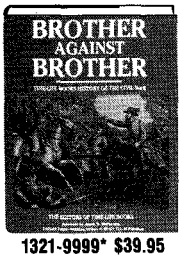

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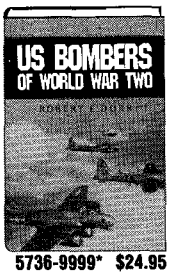

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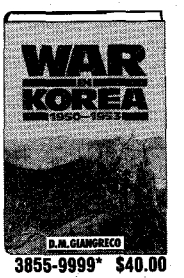

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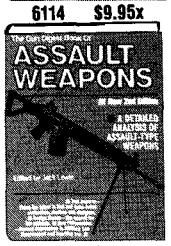

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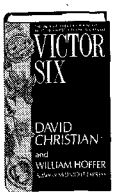

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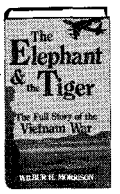

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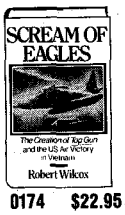

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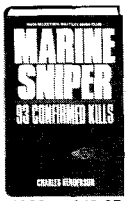

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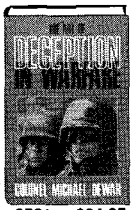

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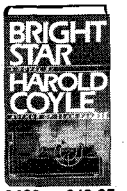

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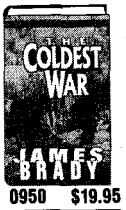

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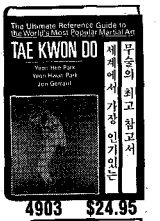

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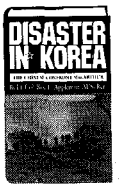

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after the fire, you're content to throw up some portable shelters and go on to the next blaze."

Another Saudi, a retired senior diplomat, made the point by citing Israel's 1982 attack on Palestinian forces in Lebanon. "Once you had convinced Israel *not* to take Beirut, shouldn't you have forced *both* the Palestinian and Israeli sides to sit down and hammer out a serious peace? Don't say you couldn't do it; say rather, you didn't do it. America had diplomats working at the upper-middle-management level; but the issues simply were not major U.S. policy objectives."

"What will President Bush do now?" the first Saudi asked. "My guess is the entire American Administration will take the next flight to the Baltics, once again doing what it likes to do, and does so well: crisis management.

"If so," he concluded, "there goes the best chance in my lifetime for a stable Middle East. And there, not incidentally, goes America's objective of secure Middle Eastern petroleum reserves and a stable Israel."

Announced deferral of the second half of the $15-billion arms sale by the United States gives local observers further cause for alarm. As the senior representative of a leading U.S. defense contractor puts it, "We feared all along that the two-*tranche* approach was designed to get the first sale by Congress. Now, our concern is that the initial sale for $7.5 billion will be the last for a very long time."

Virtually all Saudi-based Americans are disturbed that Israel is apparently once again blocking the U.S. from fulfilling Saudi defense requirements. They note the irony of Saudi Arabia's position: staunch friend of the U.S.; perennially threatened source of 25 per cent of the world's petroleum reserves; major U.S. petroleum supplier (and price stabilizer); committed noncombatant in all five Arab–Israeli wars.

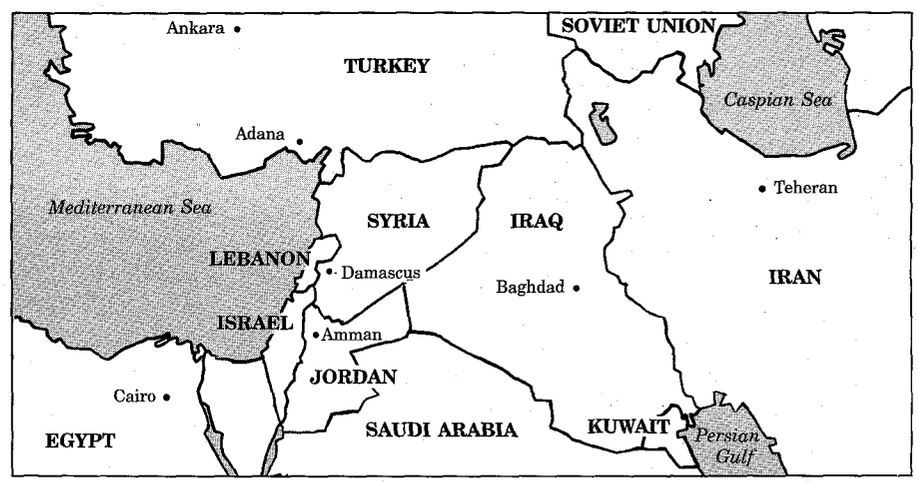
And yet, according to James P. Broady, chairman of the American Businessmen's Group of Riyadh, "Every time America has had a chance to make a major arms sale here, there is an unbelievable fight on Capitol Hill, with the result that with few exceptions the sale we could have made goes to Britain or France. Nudged, therefore, into having a mixed bag of defense hardware, the Saudis must use great ingenuity to maintain a consistent force structure. More selfishly, though, this situation impacts negatively on the commercial and geopolitical interests of the United States."

Whether the effort to expel Iraq from Kuwait—and, with any luck, Saddam from power—takes three weeks or three months, the outcome appears as clear as the stars over the Arabian desert on a typical night: the allied forces will prevail. The answer to the next question, however, is as hard to detect as a new moon: Does the coalition have the staying power to settle the major issues facing this region?

For the sake of regional stability and international credibility, it is incumbent on President Bush and his Administration to cap victory on the battlefield with reasonable and just solutions to the problems of this volatile section of the world. □

# Middle-East War Diary

DONALD KIRK




ANKARA, TURKEY

A JOURNALIST arriving in the press room of the Büyük Ankara Hotel on Ataturk Boulevard might be forgiven for thinking the wide-screen TV in the corner was broadcasting reruns of the 5 o'clock follies of Vietnam War vintage. There, front and center, is an American briefing officer pointing at charts and graphs just the way they used to in the Rex in downtown Saigon. Wait a few minutes, and "CNN International" might tune in to another Vietnam War legend, Peter Arnett, then the superstar of the AP bureau in Saigon, now CNN's man in Baghdad.

The luxury of viewing the first war ever shown live on TV worldwide contrasts, however, with the traumas of trying to cover it. "Mr. Kirk, you must leave at once!" bellowed the Iraqi Ministry of Information's foreign-press chief one afternoon after announcing the government was "temporarily" relieving itself of the burden of the fifty or so journalists who had stayed on after the onset of the bombing. CNN was able to persuade Iraqi authorities of the value of the CNN presence as a powerful link to the world, but a lone print journalist had little choice but to pack and haggle with drivers demanding as much as $3,000 for the perilous, long trek to the Jordanian frontier. Sharing a bargain $1,500 ride with a couple of European journalists, I began to crave the sanctuary of the Al Rashid when the first bombs exploded on the near horizon along toward midnight. We were, it turned out, whizzing through an area infested with Scud missile sites and other facilities—none of which the Ministry of Information had bothered to tell us about before sending us on our way.

Whatever might be said about the Baghdad propagandists, though, the city tingles with an excitement that is almost irresistible. Of course the Iraqis are "using" the press. Of course they won't tell you anything negative or even mildly unpleasant—to their side, that is. Of course the press is there, slowly returning to join Arnett, as the authorities realize the stagger-

*Mr. Kirk is a correspondent for* USA Today.



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ing value of shots and stories depicting the occasional shattered home or mosque. Of course no one is going to be able to report on the thousands of bombs that land right on target, of the troops forced at gunpoint to keep their positions, of dissidents even remotely dubious about fighting on in the name of Allah and Saddam Hussein. Every reporter who goes there knows all that—and yearns for the sense of seeing a side of the war largely invisible except for the moments when the "triple-A" lights up the night sky with tracer bullets, and bombs and missiles thump and crump somewhere usually out of sight.

FOR A reporter who hung around "Baggers," as the British journalists call it, through the start of the war, a few days of enforced leisure in Jordan is about as boring as an evening in front of a TV set. Amman is no doubt one of the most livable, comfortable cities of the Middle East, with nice little restaurants, modern apartments, a very crowded Arab *souk* area, and a Roman amphitheater, all along with phones and faxes that work, but the prospect of anything really happening there is strictly a matter of esoteric discussion. Just how long, really, can anyone bear to listen to demonstrators carrying neatly painted signs with slogans in English denouncing President Bush as they file in orderly columns between the American embassy and the Intercontinental? And how many interviews can one conduct with Palestinians—60 per cent of Jordan's people—reiterating all the same heartrending complaints about their lost lands in Israel? Nothing short of the highly unlikely eventuality of Israeli missile attack can elevate Jordan from its status as a staging area for journalists waiting to go somewhere else—back to Baghdad, to the West Bank, or, perhaps, by a round-about route (since the few Royal Jordanian flights out of Amman go the other way these days), to Saudi Arabia.

Under the circumstances a sortie north to Syria, once almost as closed as Saudi Arabia and Iraq, seems like a chance to get away from it all—and still see the war from a different vantage point. If there is any Middle East ruler to rival Saddam Hussein in sheer ego, as measured by the number of statues and portraits on display, it is Saddam's arch-rival, Hafez Assad. Since Assad saw an easy chance to make up for past wrongs by joining the anti-Saddam coalition, his Information Ministry has been authorizing visas in a record 24 hours after getting the applications.

Experts will probably argue that the Syrian capital of Damascus is as different from Baghdad as London is from New York, but to this occasional observer they both appear thoroughly "Arab," exotic, and mysterious. Until the bombing forced all Baghdad to shut down, I spent hours walking around the gold *souk*, the carpet *souk*, the textile *souk*, losing myself in alleys, stopping for coffee and tea, watching men laugh over games of cards and dice as if the rumors of war were vibrations from a continent away. With the *souks* of Baghdad largely closed, it comes as a relief to find the sprawling Hammadiah market of Damascus seemingly more brisk and prosperous than ever. It throbs with rapacious carpet salesmen, greedy jewelers, soft-spoken merchants of trinkets and trifles as beguiling and persuasive as were their ancestors when Paul resided there two thousand years ago.

Yet all is not quite well in the marketplace of Damascus either. One shopkeeper seems more anxious to sell me on the idea of "holy war" against the American invaders of Islam than he is to get rid of the glassware in his windows. "Allah has been kind," he informs me, "to provide the chance to speak with an American journalist." His words might be just the thing for his competitors in Baghdad, but they happen to contradict the policies of President Assad. When I write a newspaper article about the sectarian differences among a people dominated numerically by a Sunni Moslem majority but ruled by a minority Alawite, the foreign-press chief calls me in for a lecture. Most people, to be sure, are not nearly so outspoken. They just say they don't want a war and pray that nobody, Iraqi or Israeli, will fire missiles at them.

I leave by bus one night for the southern Turkish city of Adana, near the Incirlik Air Base, from which U.S. F-16s have been taking off for bombing runs over Iraq. At the border, I am glad to see nothing has changed: a scowling Turkish customs official empties out the suitcases of passengers smuggling in calculators and tableware, cigarette cartons and watches—then openly accepts bribes and waves us on.

A visitor to Adana feels midway between the Arab world he has just left behind and a small corner of Europe. Mosques and minarets soar over little shops, but the shop windows display imports from the EEC countries that Turkey longs to join. The currency is relatively stable, the prices are as high as those in the West—yet the common denominator is the foreboding that pervades the atmosphere. In the restaurants and shops, people say the war is coming, it's just a matter of time. Around the base, American airmen say they're briefed not to stay out after dark, not to leave the "immediate area"—and they're careful not to give their names.

The Turks, though, view the war with a difference. They "know" their country is too big and powerful for Saddam to risk attacking. They keep telling themselves so while poring over newspaper stories about distribution of gas masks and running off to vacation homes, normally closed all winter, in the mountains or on the Mediterranean. Memories of the Ottoman Empire lurk in the national subconsciousness—even while official statements protest no thought of attack, much less "territorial gain." A bank executive reminds me that northern Iraq, dominated by Mosul, Iraq's third largest city, was "a Turkish province" until the final breakup of the Ottoman Empire. He smilingly offers a comparison that seems intriguingly ominous. If Saddam could swallow up Kuwait, in the name of righting an historical wrong, then Turkey could swallow up Iraq—and a few other Arab lands as well.

In the Turkish capital of Ankara, a modern city that was little more than a village when the Ottoman Empire collapsed, such talk is easily forgotten. Turkish officials refuse to answer when asked why they ban reporters from bases, why they provide little or no information on military activities. One comes away from a briefing wondering if they view the American bombing missions as an embarrassment or a chance to regain lost glory and make up for old wrongs—all part of a new cycle initiated that day in August when Saddam ordered his troops into Kuwait. □



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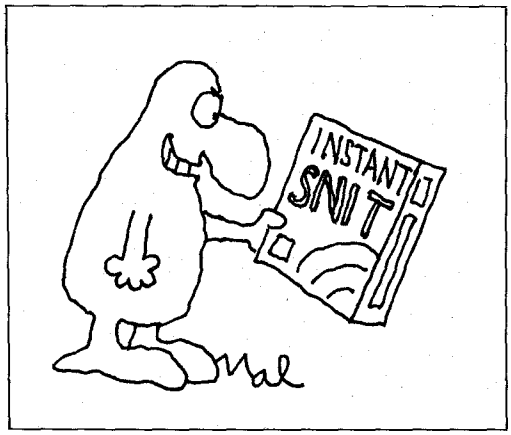


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## *The Empire Strikes Back*

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Was NATO doing double-takes
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From Dr. Jekyll into Hyde,
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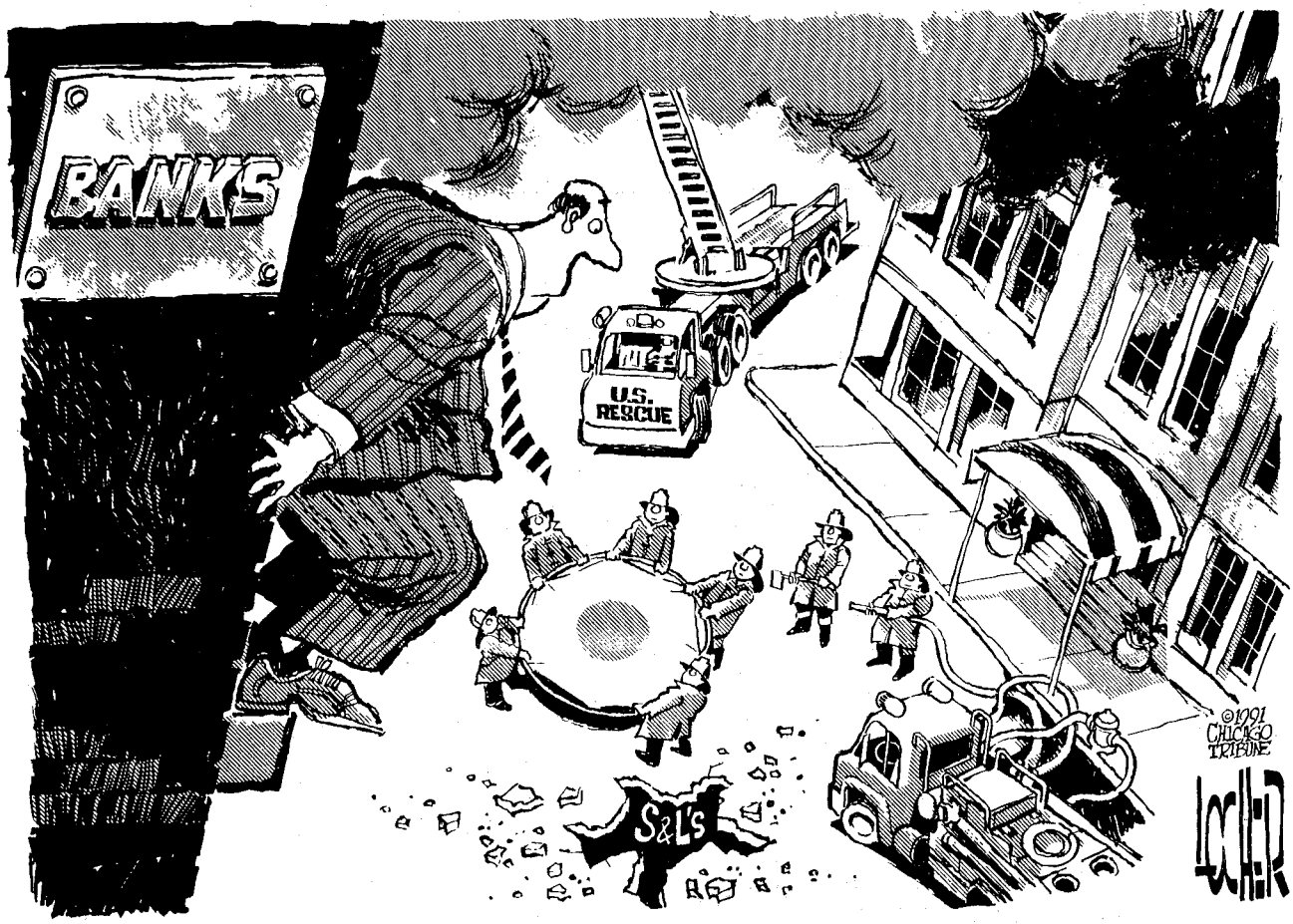


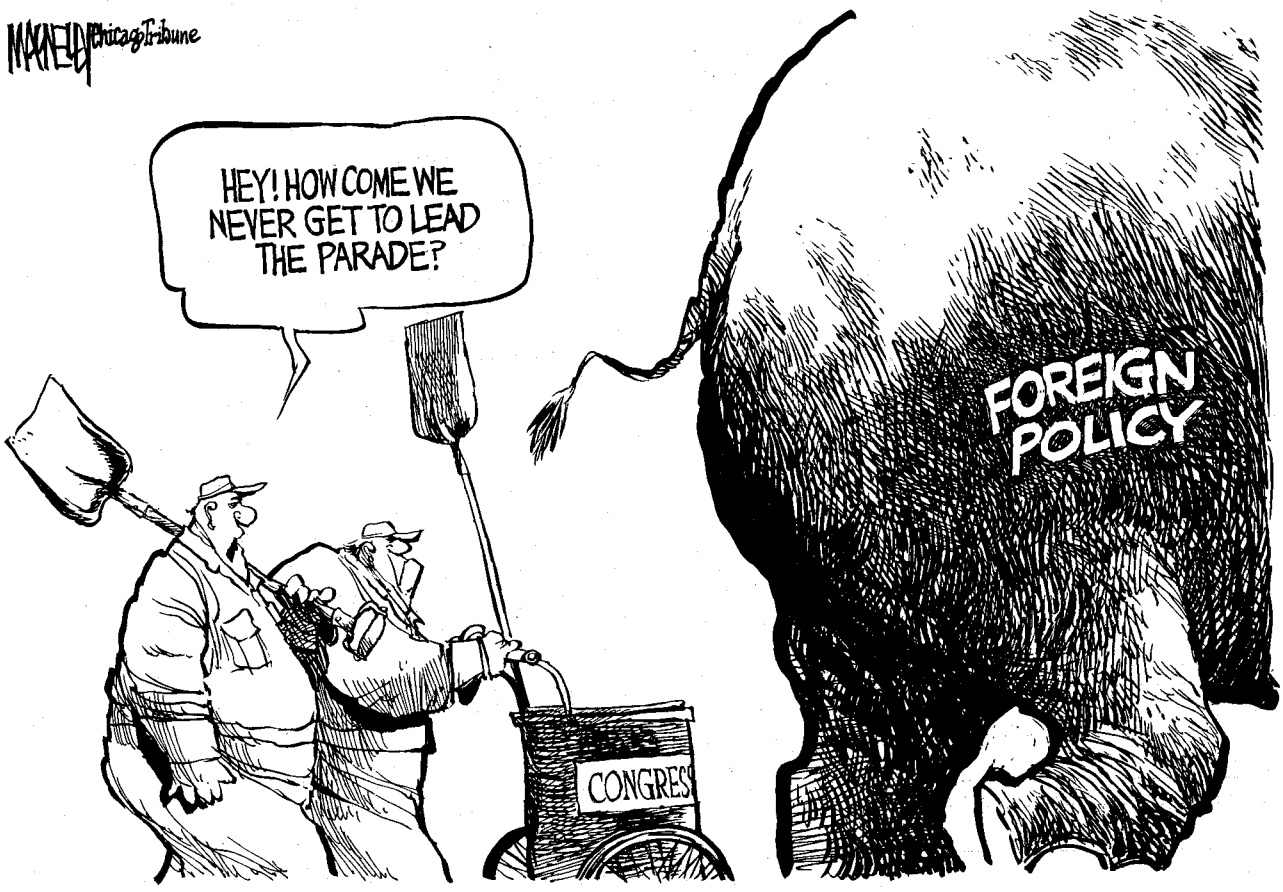




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# OF MEN AND MISSILES

In the first weeks of the Gulf War, the only question was: How high is your tech? The next question will be: How high is your morale? But the one may well reinforce the other.

**ALISTAIR HORNE**

BY PURE CHANCE, a few nights ago I watched H. G. Wells's great movie classic of the 1930s, *The Shape of Things to Come*. It starts prophetically with Christmas 1940, and London under devastating air attack. War continues, broken-backed, to 1966, by which time Europeans are reduced to living like cavemen. Suddenly, onto this grim scene descends a glistening Raymond Massey, in a futuristic plane. He belongs to a new civilization that has set itself up—guess where? At Basra, in the Persian Gulf. Following this come squadrons of monster planes (looking uncannily like B-52s), which dispatch the backward Brits with Massey's "new gas of peace." Upon the ruins, the Basrans build a brave new world.

In their shortage of hard news, what some of the pundits have been floating these past days seems hardly less bizarre than Wells's grim fantasy. As one more armchair historian, I am repeatedly being asked to pronounce on which war of the past most resembles Saddam's. What about the French campaign of 1940? Well, French morale was notoriously lousy (which Iraq's, so far, is not); Hitler's *Blitzkrieg* struck with total surprise; through the superlative mobility of his *Panzers* he kept the French guessing as to his true objectives until too late; and the attackers were—well, German.

Normandy in 1944? Eisenhower's forces had the kind of massive aerial supremacy we appear to enjoy over Iraq—and still the war went on for another 11 months. But of course the defenders were—German. (And Hitler did not sentence his army to death by sending his surviving planes to neutral Switzerland—the parallel action on Saddam's part being surely unprecedented.)

One possible depressing parallel: in both World Wars, Germany was able to fight on, though isolated, because it had internal lines of communication.

The same helped little Israel defeat all its enemies in 1967. What about the Six-Day War, then? Well, in its pre-emptive strike, Israel did achieve total surprise, destroying almost the whole of the Egyptian air force on the ground in the first 24 hours. It also had superlative generalship, and immaculate morale.

Vietnam? I leave it to American experts to find any intelligible parallel, except the psychological, here.

How about the Falklands in 1982, then? From the British point of view, to wage a campaign, with minimum warning, eight thousand miles from base was something of a miracle of logistics, and a historic feat of naval power. But in the fighting itself a well-trained professional force faced conscripts of doubtful morale. Good strategy and high tech won the war, with the number of British dead held to 255; yet, Argentina's minimum of high tech, in the shape of the Exocet (French, one recalls), came close to stymying the British with alarming naval losses.

## *The Secret Weapon*

BRITAIN'S "secret weapon" in the Falklands, however, may have been her ability to impose total censorship on all those frustrated journalists, cooped up under the hatches of the *Canberra*. I've often wondered whether, given Vietnam-style TV coverage on the Normandy beaches in 1944, there would ever have been a D-Day+1.

If only for the absurdity of the position into which Saddam has got himself, and at the risk of sounding facetious, there is one conflict that reminds me a good deal of his predicament—South America's War of the Triple Alliance, in 1864. Provoked by an Irish tart, Eliza Lynch, into gaining an outlet to the sea for his insignificant country, Paraguay's fanatical dictator, Francisco Solano López, fought off the combined might of Brazil, Argentina, and Uruguay for five years. He was

*Mr. Horne is the author of numerous books on military history, including* A Savage War of Peace, Algeria 1954–62.



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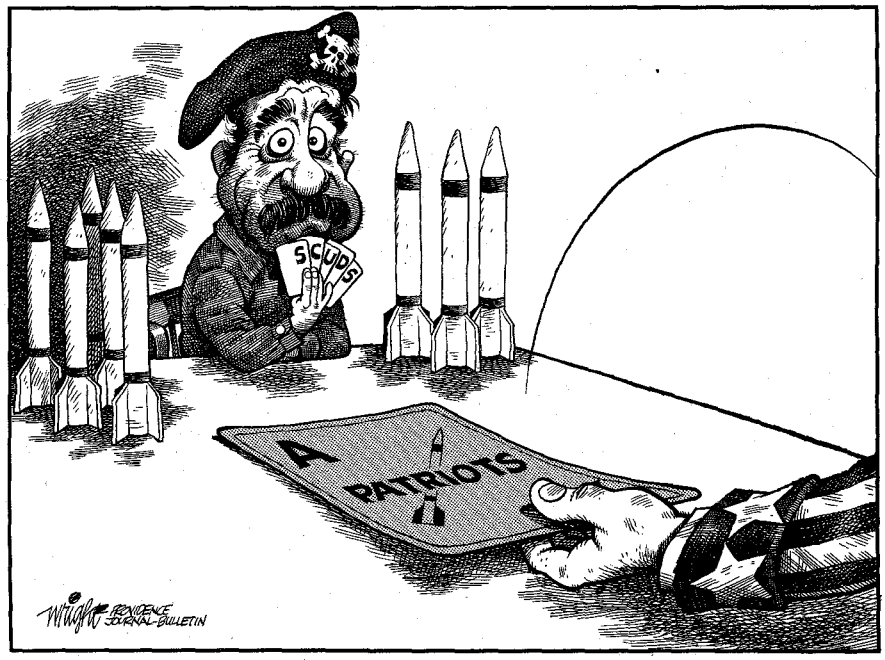
aided by those inestimable assets of internal lines of communication—plus the best natural soldiers of Latin America; but of course the Argentinians then had no Exocets. By the time he died on the point of a Brazilian spear, López had reduced Paraguay from one million to 221,079—of whom only 28,746 were adult males. (Eliza survived to run a *bordel* in Paris.)

The common card in all these campaigns is *morale*, which will be the most crucial and hard-to-assess factor as the land battle approaches in the Gulf. It is of course a cliché to say that no war is ever quite like any other. Moving with the very speed of electronics, every day has its surprise. To a layman, the revealed high-tech successes have been quite staggering.




The two most effective weapons to date seem to have been the Patriot and the cruise missile. When I was in the Gulf in December [see "On the Scene," Jan. 28], an American expert boasted that the Tomahawk could "hit a window at five hundred miles," and I smiled quizzically—little did I know. I also remember, five or six years ago, one of our most respected gurus dismissing the Star Wars project as being like "trying to hit a bullet with a bullet." Well, this seems to be precisely what the astonishing Patriot does.

The great attribute of such weapons is their ability to strike targets with deadly accuracy, while avoiding civilian casualties—not to mention keeping Israel out of the war, and Saudi Arabia in it. Even on Iraqi claims, civilian deaths have been fantastically low. If there is one thing that might raise a smile from the old Gipper down on the ranch, it should be the realization that, without the Reagan defense program, there would have been no Patriots or Tomahawks—nor any *Wisconsin* or *Missouri* from which to fire them.

## *Things Left Undone*

THE ONE REGRET should be the weapons that were *not* produced during the Reagan years—notably the neutron bomb, which would have been the perfect weapon, detonated in the empty desert, to demoralize dug-in Iraqi troops, and save allied lives.

Which brings me to the nuclear option. The desert is one of the few places where "clean" tactical nukes could be used with no ecological repercussion—and maximum effect. According to *Newsweek*, General Schwarzkopf has sought backing (in vain) to explode a nuke to destroy Saddam's communications. As Clausewitz said: War is "such a dangerous business that mistakes which come from kindness are the very worst." On the other hand, no U.S. President could lightly take the moral risk of opening this Pandora's box.

Reliance on high tech carries with it three main worries: 1) the appalling expense, with each Patriot costing more than half a million dollars; 2) a limit to the number of weapons available; and 3) the unproven capacity of robots to assess a target, or distinguish between a cardboard decoy and the real McCoy. When the ground war begins, how readily will a guided missile be able to pick up a dug-in, camouflaged Iraqi tank, with its radio and motor switched off?

Here is the problem of ELINT versus HUMINT. We have put all our faith in the "spy in the sky," while it may be only the old-fashioned Le Carré–style spy on the ground who can locate—and destroy—underground Scud launchers and command bunkers. Rightly, no details have been released of activities behind the lines by the American Special Forces or the British Special Air Service (which was, after all, born in the desert, against Rommel), but one would hope that teams of them are out there, accompanied by loyal Saudis, and disguised as Iraqis, just waiting for the right moment to descend on critical targets (perhaps even Saddam himself), in the best T. E. Lawrence tradition.

One also recalls, hopefully, the greatest French successes during the Algerian War: the infiltration of double agents (or *bleus*) into the FLN high command, which, combined with skillful disinformation, led the Algerians to murder many of their best leaders.

The most adverse side of the high-tech war must be the immense power it has given the unruly media. We have come under a kind of B-52 carpet-bombing from TV. The potential danger of the violent fluctuations of public morale caused by irresponsible reportage and instant punditry is immense. On the terrible night of the 17th, I too watched with numbed fascination into the small hours, as reports came in of the first Scud attacks on Israel. I cannot recall feeling more frightened since the Cuban missile crisis of 1962. Instant reportage declared, first, that an apartment building had been destroyed with massive loss of life; then that victims were being treated for gas; finally that Israeli rockets were already winging their way to Iraq. It reminded one of



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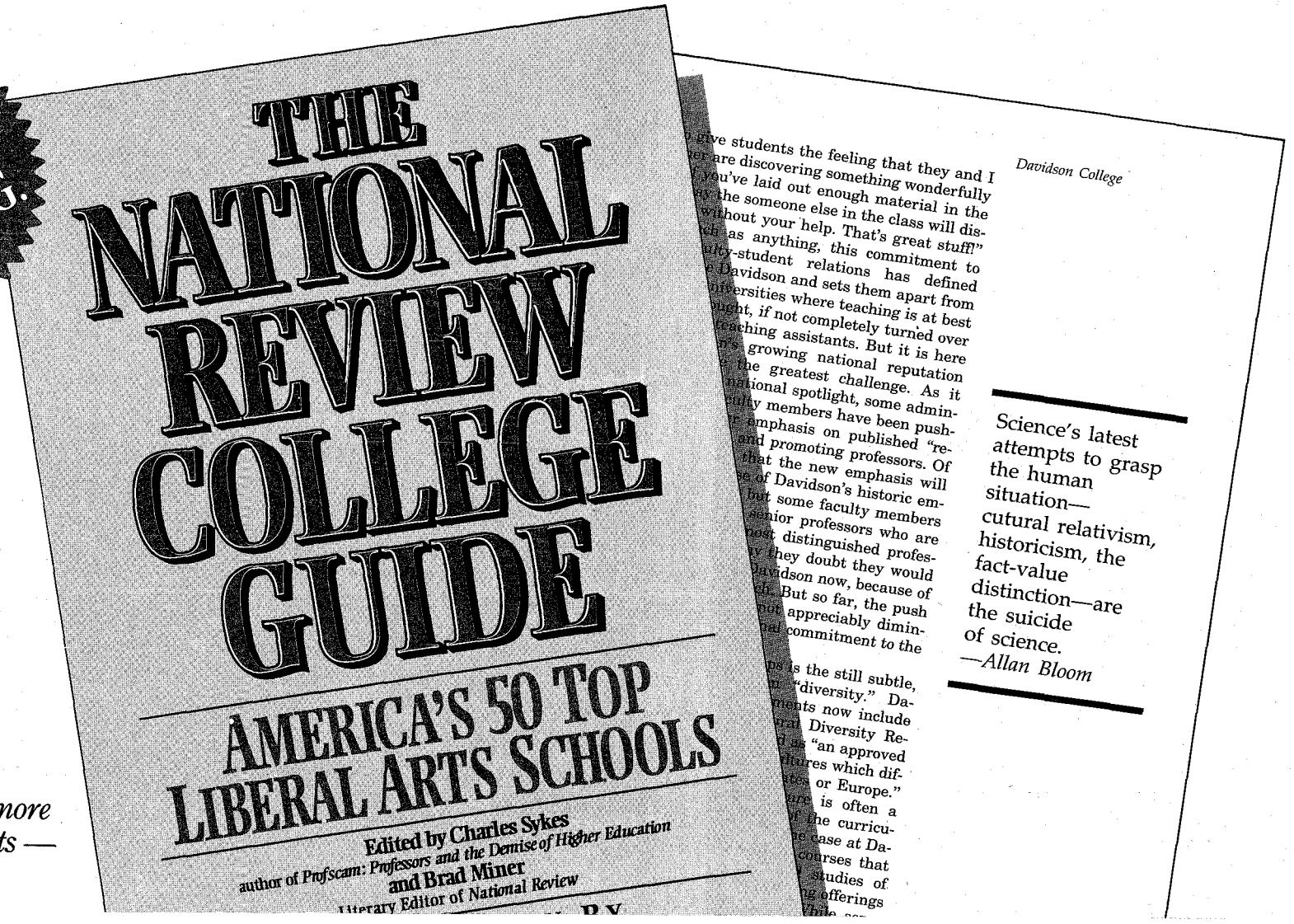
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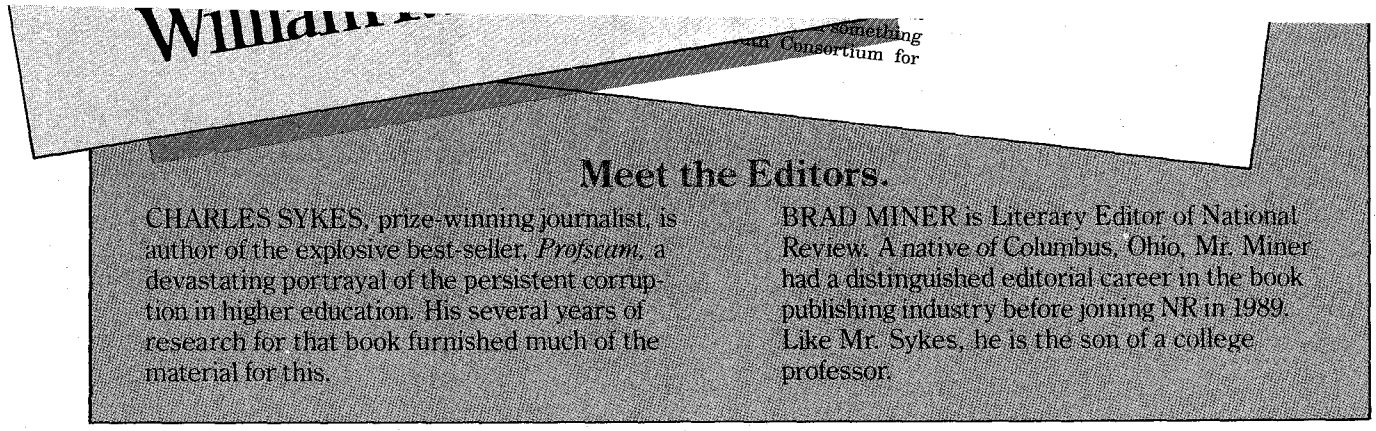
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that horrendous Jason Robards film, *The Day After*—and none of it was true. But if I had been Shamir, listening to the "news" that night, I might well have pressed the Israeli button.

The overwhelming consensus seems to be that right (and with considerable emphasis on *right*) will prevail, and Saddam will be defeated—and that this will be an object lesson for subsequent petty tyrants. However, when one regards the panoply of allied might already deployed, what it might have taken to defeat him if the Soviet Union had been in the game appalls the imagination—let alone what it might have taken to thwart a direct Soviet play at the Gulf.

In any case, the one sure thing about war is that it never turns out as you expect. The vagaries of the weather, the fears concerning Saddam's oil-spill weapon, the exodus of the MiGs to Iran, Iran's possible intervention, new dirty tricks by Saddam—such as the dreaded chemical and biological weapons (though their impact was much discounted by General Schwarzkopf during our December briefing)—what else may lie ahead? On my reading of General Schwarzkopf's character, I would reckon the ground forces will go in sooner rather than later. My guess is also that, a Patton not a Monty, rather than butt his head up against Saddam's fixed defenses (which so effectively destroyed the attacking Iranians), he will force the Iraqis to move out suicidally into the open by an end run far to the west, coupled with Marine landings above Kuwait to the east.

In this war, however, prophets are likely to be outdated before they appear in print. Instead of those present-day pundits, I would prefer to put my faith in old Isaiah (31: 5–8), pessimist that he usually was, writing of Saddam's predecessor, Sennacherib, two and a half thousand years ago—and with a perhaps remarkable prophecy of the Patriot: "As birds flying, so will the Lord of Hosts defend Jerusalem. . . . Then shall the Assyrian fall with the sword . . . and his young men shall be discomfited . . ." □

# BELTWAY BATTLES

**WILLIAM McGURN**

THE PENTAGON—Not until you step inside do you realize how small the press room here is. Normally, says a Defense Department aide, they don't need that much space. But these days there's easily double the usual number of correspondents, jammed together amid a riot of cables, microphones, and television cameras that have themselves become a critical

## *SAM DONALDSON, SPACE CADET*

THE WORLD is being treated to a dazzling display of American technological mastery as our SDI-related Patriot missiles neutralize Iraq's dreaded Scuds. This success should be a cause of great embarrassment to those in the media who have spent years insisting Star Wars technology would never work.

Take ABC's Pentagon correspondent, Bob Zelnick. When urged by a conservative group in March of 1989 to cover former SDI chief James Abrahamson's memo urging development of the system, Zelnick responded: "The day you or anyone else believes that you can influence my coverage by what you decide to parcel out is the day that you have lost touch with reality in more ways than in the strategic system you endorse . . . we have more important things to cover than Abe's seat-of-the-pants judgment about a virtually untested technology, which no one is about to deploy in the foreseeable future."

*Mr. Bozell is the chairman of the Media Research Center.*

That's in line with Zelnick's colleague Ted Koppel, who gave his analysis of SDI on the October 30, 1987, edition of *Donahue:* "I think that what is being proposed for expenditures on Star Wars, for example, is absolute nonsense."

*Time*'s agenda for America includes the dismantling of SDI in order to fund more worthwhile causes, like a trip to Mars. On July 24, 1989, *Time* declared that "if the President comes out strongly for the mission [to Mars] Congress should be able to find a way to fund it. One option: siphon the money from Star Wars, and other questionable defense programs." In an August 13, 1990, piece bemoaning investment in SDI, *Time* reporter Bruce Van Voorst said: "After seven years of research, it is clear that no anti-missile system can provide the impenetrable shield against incoming missiles . . . Reagan envisioned in 1983."

Supporters of SDI have regularly been described as daydreamers. In a *New York Times* column entitled "Pentagon Fantasies" on September 21, 1983, Andrew Cockburn accused the Pentagon of developing "what one senior defense official has described as 'weapons that don't work to meet threats that don't exist.' For example, next year's budget request contains $2 billion for the Divad and Patriot gun and missile air-defense systems, the performance of which is, to put it mildly, disappointing."

On May 13, 1989, the *Los Angeles Times* presented a story headlined, "New 'Star Wars' Chief: The Right Man for the Job—at the Right Time." The story focused on Air Force Lieutenant General George L. Monahan and the man he replaced, Lieutenant General Abrahamson. *Times* Pentagon correspondent John Broder described Abrahamson as "a 'Star Wars' zealot and missionary who sold—some say oversold—the program as a talisman against nuclear holocaust. Monahan, by contrast, modestly describes himself as merely a 'program manager' who says that his job is not to be a promoter for 'Star Wars,' but to run a 'sanity check' on the costly and controversial



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component of warfare. In the front row, CNN's Wolf Blitzer, a household name these days, scratches out a few notes, while in the back those just arriving ask who will be giving today's briefing. "General Martin Brandtner," comes the answer. "B-R-A-N-D-T-N-E-R."

A few moments later General Brandtner makes his entrance. He is all Old Corps, the way Americans like their Marines, and along with a soft-spoken Navy captain he carefully gives the latest numbers; every time he so much as raises his hand or shifts his body to make a point, the movement is accompanied by the rapid whirr and click of a dozen cameras that stop when he does, so reflexive it looks as if he is making the noise himself.

As it turns out, General Brandtner hasn't much to add today: Two more Iraqi aircraft downed, another Scud missile intercepted. In a McLuhanesque sort of way these are almost side issues. The real communication is political. With every piece of footage of a Patriot missile bringing down a Scud or a smart bomb going through the front door of an Iraqi defense installation, Ronald Reagan's defense buildup of the 1980s stands vindicated. On a subtler level the cumulative effect of these briefings brings home to even the dullest viewer the awesome charge of the Executive. Acknowledging Congress's legitimate supporting role, they make clear that the war is George Bush's responsibility: it is *his* secretary of defense, *his* chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and, most important, *his* decisions.

"The calm, methodical development, first, of the diplomatic and military coalition, and the systematic buildup of military power, have given the President a level of authority which is only reached in wartime," says House Minority Whip Newt Gingrich. "As Wilson and FDR proved, the Commander-in-Chief in a successful conflict towers over the Congress as a leader."

I had always thought the idea that Bush was a foreign-policy wizard and domestic-policy disaster a cliché. But some clichés are true, as the political handling of the Gulf crisis thus far indicates. Bush's mistake in last year's budget negotiations was succumbing to the idea of a summit, which could only elevate a hitherto obscure Democratic leadership to a presidential level at his expense. But, with the decision to go to war, the President has re-established the primacy of the Oval Office, as even Congress was forced to acknowledge during the State of the Union ovations. The brilliant joint performance of Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Colin Powell only magnifies this achievement, as their management of the day-to-day effort frees Mr. Bush from overexposure and inspires confidence in the chain of command.

No one has been more hurt by this than the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Sam Nunn.

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*program."* In the January 1, 1990, issue of *U.S. News & World Report*, senior editor Harrison Rainie charged that "the [Reagan] Administration spun the nation out of torpor with such fantasies as supply-side economics, the nuclear weapons 'window of vulnerability,' and the Strategic Defense Initiative." The Bush Administration was no better, according to *Time*'s Strobe Talbott, who wrote in the February 12, 1990, issue that "the Administration's position in the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START) is . . . still mired in the past. It is designed to preserve, in its redundant entirety, Ronald Reagan's so-called strategic-modernization program. . . . The kind of military overinsurance the public was willing to pay for a decade ago looks like wretched excess now."

Last summer, the liberal media were prepared to bury SDI once and for all. When the Senate cut a billion dollars from the SDI program, NBC's Henry Champ gleefully reported that "Senators today finally turned their backs on a dream of the Reagan era." In a June 11 article entitled, "Remember Star Wars? Now It's a Program in Search of a Rationale," *U.S. News* reporter Bruce Auster opined that "with the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI) succumbing to tighter budgets, reduced military tensions, and a dose of technological reality, both the U.S. and the Soviets have an interest in letting Reagan's dream die a quiet death." Later in the article, he wondered, "Can Iraqi missiles save SDI?" This was dismissed because, among other things, "shooting down low-tech missiles in the Middle East may prove as difficult as destroying modern Soviet intercontinental missiles in space." Why? "Ground-based tactical ballistic missile defenses like the U.S. Patriot . . . would use radar to track an incoming missile. That poses a dilemma. Larger radars increase effectiveness, but also make an easier target . . . Given the technical challenge of shooting down tactical ballistic missiles in combat, are missile defenses worth while?"

In the five-month period between the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait and the successful launch of the first Patriot, thousands of stories were run by the four major networks, yet only one noted the importance of the SDI missile technology in the coming conflict. Now that the evidence is in, one might expect a more responsible approach to the SDI debate. Don't count on it. At the very moment reporters stationed in Saudi Arabia were being protected by the Patriot missile system, the denunciations of SDI continued, as illustrated by the following January 20 exchange on ABC's *This Week with David Brinkley*:

Sam Donaldson: "Well, we spent billions of dollars for these Star Wars systems, and I haven't seen a Star Wars system in Iraq, George. I haven't seen a B-2 bomber in Iraq."

George Will: "I'm sorry, Sam. When you see a Patriot shooting down an incoming missile, you are seeing strategic defense, and you are seeing Star Wars technology protecting little old you."

—L. Brent Bozell III



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For the last two years or so, the owlish-looking Georgian has tried to pass himself off as something of a shadow secretary of defense. In peacetime, he could get away with it by convening hearings and holding weapons hostage to his approval. But today, while Bush is busy winning a war, Senator Nunn has been relegated to the talk-show circuit. You don't see him grimly stepping out of limousines at the Pentagon the way you saw House Speaker Tom Foley and Senate Majority Leader George Mitchell coming over to the White House during the budget summit.

Probably Nunn would have been diminished anyway, even if he had not voted against the President on the use of force. But with that nay vote—because it was cast for overtly political reasons—Nunn showed he was as much a Democrat as Howard Metzenbaum or Teddy Kennedy, which is to say someone good for getting an outmoded tank contract or new jobs program for his district but not to be trusted with the more critical responsibilities of Executive office.

"Sam Nunn has never accepted the fact that he was just a legislator with broad policy powers, like a member of a board, and he has always posed as a leader for a strong national defense," says Reagan's former defense secretary, Caspar Weinberger. "I always found that he waited until he had a consensus or that the majority had lined up before he committed himself, and I don't consider that strong leadership."

### *Can the White House Capitalize?*

THE QUESTION now is whether the White House will use its new-found political capital to drive home the point in the coming months. The test will be in October, in the fight over the military budget. In the past, Congress has stymied White House efforts at overcoming the micromanagement that makes military spending so cumbersome—and expensive. But with the leverage from a successful prosecution of the war in Iraq, and a defense secretary more than up to the task of initiating the necessary changes, no Republican President will ever be in a better position to push for wholesale reform than Bush is today.

Consequently, just as Ronald Reagan's great legacy to George Bush was the expanded capabilities of the U.S. armed forces, Bush's greatest gift to future American Presidents would be prosecuting the war to its full conclusion—leaving America with budgets that reflect strategy and not vice versa. "We can get a lot of what we want," says one GOP Hill staffer. "But we have to make Sam Nunn and the others hurt the same way they made us hurt in the budget battle last year."

Within the Democratic Party the dilemma is more acute. Take Representative Ike Skelton (D., Mo.), a traditional Democrat who backed the Contras, supported Reagan's military buildup, voted for President Bush's resolution to use force—and whose Army-lieutenant son is now over in Saudi Arabia. "Most Americans want a strong national defense, and I've just been voting the way most Americans appreciate," says Skelton, noting that the mail from his district has been overwhelmingly supportive. Undoubtedly he's right. Asked, however, whether being right enhances one's position in today's Democratic Party, he is more elliptical, saying only that "the message just doesn't come across to some people."

Those people, however, exert an inordinate influence on the party, and they can probably win internal battles even if it means taking the party down with them nationally. The other side, reading the tea leaves, will set about rewriting the past, as Leslie Gelb already tried to do in the *New York Times* by claiming that the Carter Administration—not Reagan—deserved the credit for the weapons successes in the Gulf.

This doesn't wash with anyone with any kind of memory; while the technologies may have existed, without Reagan the weapons never would have. "It doesn't matter who started it," says Senator Malcolm Wallop (R., Wyo.), a member of the Armed Services Committee. "What matters is who pushed it through, because had it been left to the people in charge back then [the Carter Administration] it would have been lost. These are the same people who have been opposing expanding any of our other capabilities." Most of all, Reagan radically altered our *idea* of defense, moving America from a counterpopulation deterrence based on the unspeakable (Mutual Assured Destruction) to a counterforce deterrence based on the possible.

"It's amusing to see the great lengths they are going to to deny Reagan credit for any of this," says Weinberger. "The simple reason is that Ronald Reagan violated the conventional wisdom. The proponents of the conventional wisdom can forgive him for that. But what they can't forgive him for is being proved right." □

*Mr. McGurn is* NR*'s Washington bureau chief.*

# COALITION AGAINST THE U.S.

**DAVID HOROWITZ**

YOU SEE them every hour at the top of the local news with their signs of "No Blood for Oil" and their chants of "Hey, hey, ho, ho, George Bush has got to go." You watch their apologists, like aging new leftist and TV pundit Todd Gitlin, squirm uncomfortably at their reckless passion in declaring America the enemy while failing to condemn the global outlaw Saddam Hussein. You observe in mounting wonder as they descend on Washington to hear their balding Sixties heroes—Jesse Jackson, Daniel Ellsberg, Ron Kovic—call for capitulation on the battlefield and the impeachment of the President.

The troops in these demonstrations are dressed for battle in the old movement issue (jeans, lettered T-shirts, even tie-dyes); the familiar targets are steady in



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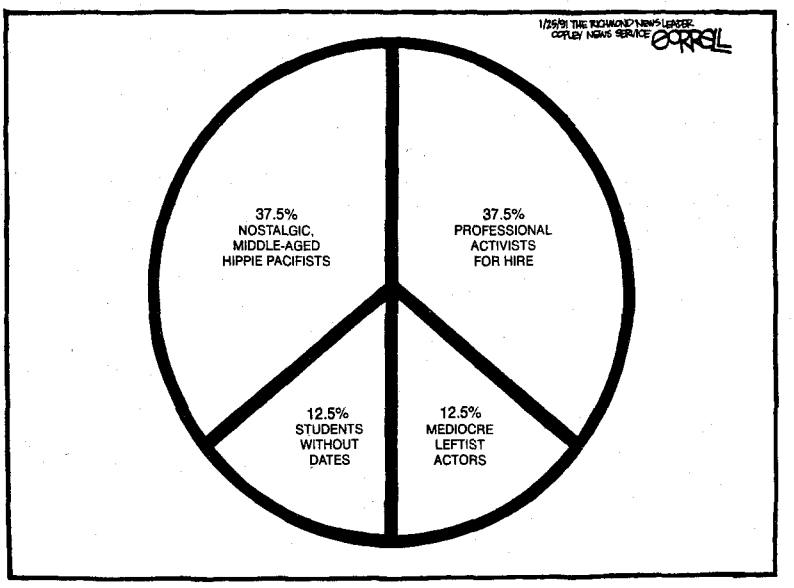
their sights: "big oil," the "Pentagon war machine," and "American imperialism." To disarm their critics, they volunteer their past "mistakes," like spitting on U.S. soldiers returning from Vietnam. Simultaneously with their present denunciations of U.S. "death squads" in Iraq, they maintain their heartfelt concern for the very soldiers whose morale they undermine.

Is the glaring contradiction between the belligerence and malice they project and their claims to good intentions the result of mere inability to communicate? Or is it the failure of their political camouflage to conceal the real motives that inform their passion? As a former partisan of similar movements, I never—in 25 years of political activism—marched in a demonstration that did not have primary agendas just beneath its pacifist surface that were militant, Marxist, and anti-American. The "Coalition to Stop U.S. Intervention in the Middle East" (which staged the January 19 march on Washington) is but another cynical attempt by the now-discredited Left to jump-start the stalled revolutionary engines.




Do I exaggerate? Consider the view of an unimpeachable source—the man George Will recently described as "the last Stalinist." Here is an excerpt from Alexander Cockburn's column in the December 31 *Nation*: "I wish people would stop writing to [suggest] that today leftists of principle should espouse the cause of Iraq and eschew criticism of Saddam Hussein. This is Marxism–Leninism–Bonkerism of a sort much savored by the Workers World Party, which seems to be the animating force behind the Coalition to Stop U.S. Intervention in the Middle East, decorated by Ramsey Clark."

Most will not have heard of the Workers World Party, but I remember them from the Sixties as the only Trotskyist splinter to endorse the 1956 Soviet invasion of Hungary. Thus the spearhead of this season's "antiwar" demonstrations is a Marxist–Leninist party that defined itself by supporting the bloody invasion that took the lives of thirty thousand Hungarians whose only crime was to want their national independence.

The Coalition favored by Cockburn was the National Campaign for Peace in the Middle East, which held *its* demonstration on January 26, and was portrayed by the media as the "liberal" peace contingent. But this turned out to be a distinction without a difference. Jesse Jackson, for example, addressed both coalitions. The "liberal" coalition was organized by the pathetic remnants of the American Communist Party and its fellow-travelers and fronts, like the U.S. Peace Council. Its official coordinator was Leslie Cagan, a veteran New Leftist, pro-Castro, pro-Sandinista, pro-FMLN, pro-PLO, and anti-American.

And it is the same story for the parts that make up these coalitions. As a warmup to the Washington demonstrations, activists held numerous "teach-ins," including one at Los Angeles' Fairfax High School, featuring Clark, Ellsberg, Kovic, and Jackson. Its spokesman, Achmed Nassef, told reporters that he had joined the Coalition through the Palestine Solidarity Committee. In other words, the official spokesman for the "peace" coalition was drawn from one of the few groups in the world supporting Saddam's rape of Kuwait.

Nassef also explained that the Coalition itself had grown out of groups organized to oppose U.S. intervention in Central America—that is to say, of groups that proclaimed themselves "antiwar" when it came to the struggle of Nicaraguans against the Sandinista dictatorship, but *pro*-war when it came to the struggle of Communist guerrillas against an elected democracy in neighboring El Salvador. One of the headliners of the Fairfax High teach-in was Blase Bonpane, a defrocked priest who (like all the other speakers over fifty) had for three decades supported every Communist guerrilla war in the world. Bonpane even wrote a book with the Orwellian title *Guerrillas for Peace*.

## *Stop Whose War?*

THESE hypocrisies reminded me of the last time the Left tried to launch an antiwar crusade, which was when the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan. It was then called a "Stop the War" movement, and its purpose was not to stop the Soviet invasion, but to oppose President Carter's call for a resumption of the military draft. This should be remembered every time the current peace Left criticizes the present volunteer military as "undemocratic," since it was the opposition of the Left to a military draft that led to the creation of a volunteer army in the first place. Of course what the Left really wanted—and what the Left still wants—is that the U.S. should have no army at all, so that it would be vulnerable to its Marxist enemies and their Marxist friends.

The Eighties Left, which opposed America's stand against Soviet aggression in Afghanistan, was no more "antiwar" than the present Left is. It was simply anti-

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American. As the Soviet legions poured into Afghanistan in 1980, leftist Congressman Ron Dellums (D., Calif.)—now the leader of the "antiwar" caucus in Congress—told the thousand cheering Berkeley students who had gathered for a "Stop the War" demonstration: "From my vantage point, as your representative, [I believe] we are at an incredibly dangerous moment. Washington, D.C., is a very evil place . . . While [the White House] professes to see the arc of crises in Southwest Asia as the Balkan tinderbox of World War III, well, Ron Dellums sees the only arc of crises being the one that runs between the basement of the west wing of the White House and the war room of the Pentagon."

## *America the Enemy*

AMERICA is the source of the world's crises and problems. This is the cardinal axiom of the Left. It was also, of course, the animating principle of the forerunner of contemporary "antiwar" movements—the one that led to the victory in Indochina of Pol Pot and the Vietcong. In the words of a Santa Cruz student, active in the Coalition: "Obviously, this current antiwar movement takes inspiration from its Vietnam predecessor. Siphoned through twenty years of anti-Vietnam sentiments, my generation enters its movement more cynically than our counterparts of the Sixties . . ."

More cynically indeed. For what did those "anti-Vietnam sentiments" accomplish, judged by the passage of those twenty years? A Communist-sponsored genocide in Indochina that extinguished nearly two million lives and obliterated a national culture. A decade and a half of Communist oppression in Vietnam that killed more than half a million civilians, caused nearly one and a half million to flee the country, and made Vietnam one of the poorest, most repressive, and—let us not forget—most militaristic states on the face of the earth.

This is the real agenda of today's antiwar radicals: to reprise the Vietnam experience of the 1960s in the 1990s. One student organizer breathlessly told a campus recruit, "I think that as soon as a shooting war starts this will be bigger than Vietnam." *Bigger than Vietnam*. This is what every radical for thirty years has dreamed of—an occasion that will trigger an explosion of the Left bigger than the Sixties itself.

And what is this Left? It is no longer a Left that pledges its allegiance to Soviet power and worships at the altar of the Soviet state—though it was that. It is no longer a Left that justifies Soviet expansion into Eastern Europe as a revolutionary beachhead of "people's democracies"—though it was that. It is no longer a Left that celebrates Chinese Communism as a new dawn in humanity's long march into the socialist future, or Cuba's Gulag as a beacon of Latin America's coming liberation—though it was (and for some may still be) that. It is a Left that has been disoriented at the repudiation of its socialist paradise by hundreds of millions of former inhabitants. But it is also a Left that has not put down its weapons in the permanent war it has been waging, since 1917, against the capitalist societies of the democratic West, and in particular of the United States. Earlier this year, Daniel Singer—*The Nation*'s authority on Eastern Europe—lectured leftists as to how they should react to the rejection of socialism by Eastern Europeans liberating themselves from the Soviet yoke: "Our problem is not to convince the Eastern Europeans that they can change regimes by Fabian [socialist] methods . . . Our duty, rather, is to go to the heart of the matter and to the fortress of advanced capitalism . . . In other words, our task is to spread the conviction that a radical change of society in all its aspects is on our own historical agenda."

In other words, damn the disasters our crusaders have created in the East, full speed ahead with our plans to destroy the capitalist democracies of the West: the enemy is within. Or, as *Time* columnist and chairman of the Democratic Socialists Barbara Ehrenreich put it: "As a responsible radical, I believe our first responsibility is toward the evil close to home, and stopping that. In any event, I'm more worried in the long run about the belligerence of George Bush than of Saddam Hussein" (*Tikkun*, January 1991).

We see this destructive Left active today in America's universities, striving to discredit the very culture that created American democracy, attempting to smear America's heritage as the imperialist, patriarchal, racist construct of "dead white European males." And we see it in the streets, mobilized to oppose America's own right of self-determination and self-defense in an ongoing, relentless assault on America's military and intelligence communities, which it maliciously portrays as the tentacles of a sinister "national-security state." In sum, what the Left has become—now that its fantasy of a socialist future has been exploded all over the world—is this: a nihilistic force whose goal is to deconstruct and dismantle America as a democracy and as a nation.

Revolution is a form of total war. The radical Left sees itself—has always seen itself—as part of an international revolutionary army. The arch-enemy of this international army is today, as it has been for the last 45 years, the United States. Thus, *The Nation*, which is the most respectable organ of the radical Left, defined the terms of the battle over the Persian Gulf in a front-page editorial called "Choose Peace" (Dec. 24):

> The choice in the Persian Gulf conflict has never been between sanctions and force. It is between peace and war, between life and death. The party of death, which prefers self-descriptions that cover its thirst for conquest with appeals to the great tradition of just wars and lesser evils, has since August 2 seen sanctions as a kind of ritualistic foreplay to the violent penetration of an entire region of the globe. President Bush manipulated the various United Nations sanctions votes as he sent Secretary of State Baker to bribe and buy a favorable "use of force" resolution, putting a specious international gloss on his deadly designs for war.

America is the "party of death"—this is the moral calculus of the radical Left. George Bush's America—not Saddam Hussein's Iraq—is the power with the "deadly designs for war." This is what radicals mean when they preach about peace. □



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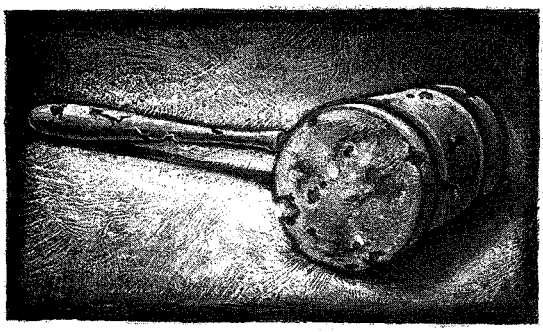
# BATTERED WIVES, BATTERED JUSTICE



Women regularly beaten by their husbands deserve sympathy and help.
They do not deserve a license to kill.
But that is what our courts have started giving them.

**GERALD CAPLAN**

THE RULES of self-defense, so long a settled part of our law, may be changing for "battered" women who have killed their husbands. Some courts, relying on expert-witness testimony from feminist psychologists, have enlarged the defense to allow acquittals in cases which otherwise would have ended in manslaughter or murder convictions. In Ohio, outgoing Governor Richard Celeste commuted the sentences of 25 battered women who had finally attacked their husbands, and other governors are thinking of following suit.

The prosecution of Janice Leidholm is illustrative. Janice was charged with murdering her husband, Chester, in the early morning hours of August 7, 1981, at their farmhouse near Washburn, North Dakota. The Leidholms had, in the words of the North Dakota Supreme Court, a volatile marriage, "filled with a mixture of alcohol abuse, moments of kindness toward one another, and moments of violence." The homicide itself followed a rather tepid alcoholic argument—"Chester was shouting and Janice was crying"—during which Chester prevented Janice from calling the police by "shoving her away and pushing her down." Eventually the quarrel subsided and they went to bed; once Chester was asleep, Janice arose, secured a butcher knife, and in a few minutes, "from shock and loss of blood," Chester was dead.

An inventive lawyer might have tried to jiggle these facts into a temporary-insanity defense, a suspect diagnosis often employed to camouflage ordinary rage in appealing forensic garb. (It was used successfully in the famous "burning bed" case, where the defendant poured gasoline around her husband's bed and set fire to him as he slept in alcoholic stupor.) Instead, defense counsel advanced a theory that should have been curtly dismissed by the court. He argued self-defense "in reaction to severe mistreatment" by Chester over the years. Under longstanding legal principles, this was no defense. For one thing, evidence of Chester's past brutality would be inadmissible—Chester was not on trial—unless it illuminated the events immediately preceding the killing. If Janice could show that as a result of past beatings, she had learned to see signs of impending attacks that would not be apparent to an untutored observer, only then could she detail her victimization for the jury. But since even the most imaginative attorney could not argue that Chester, asleep, was mounting an attack, Janice was not entitled to argue self-defense.

Inexplicably, the trial judge ruled otherwise. He both admitted the evidence of prior abuse and instructed the jury on self-defense. More surprising, on appeal the North Dakota Supreme Court not only agreed but, in reversing Janice Leidholm's manslaughter conviction, held that on retrial she was entitled to a far more favorable instruction on the law of self-defense. As the instruction had been given at her trial, the jury was to decide whether Janice had behaved reasonably, like a person of ordinary prudence and circumspection. That was wrong, the North Dakota Supreme Court held. The true test was whether she had acted reasonably according to *her* standards.

## *Reasonable Violence?*

THIS IS no minor distinction. Since Janice depicted herself as having little self-esteem, and being so dependent upon Chester that she was unable to leave him, the test—what might be called "the reasonable battered wife" standard—is a contradiction in terms. It makes no sense to define "the reasonable person" in terms that themselves evidence unreasonableness—e.g., "hot-blooded," "impulsive," "helpless." What is the reasonable violent person, or the reasonable helpless person? More important, defining the legal standard subjectively deprives it of its value for making moral judgments, for deciding whether Janice Leidholm is blameworthy.

*Mr. Caplan is a professor of law at George Washington University.*



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In any case, under any definition of reasonableness, the reasonable thing for Janice to have done was to leave Chester, not kill him.

Why Janice didn't do so is unclear. One possibility—perhaps the most obvious one—is that things were not as bad as she said. Another, offered by some feminist psychologists, is that Janice suffered from "battered-woman syndrome."

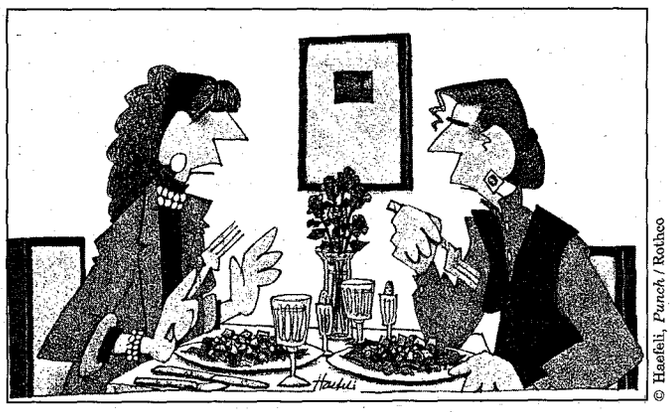
Dr. Lenore Walker, the inventor of this concept, claims that victims of battered-woman syndrome are unable to leave their abusers even when circumstances permit. According to Dr. Walker, over time a battered wife despairs of being able to control her husband's violence. "Repeated batterings, like electrical shocks, diminish . . . [her] motivation to respond." The victim gives up and settles into a languid state of "learned helplessness," a concept Dr. Walker borrowed from laboratory experiments which showed that dogs subjected to repeated shocks eventually become too dispirited to accept opportunities to escape.

Dr. Walker has written three books, most recently, *Terrifying Love: Why Battered Women Kill and How Society Responds*. More troublingly, she has been a witness in over 150 criminal cases.

As a witness, Dr. Walker's approach is to depict the battered woman as "just like you and me" and to denounce as prejudice or ignorance any hint that battered wives are other than victims of circumstance. There is, she asserts, "nothing special about their personalities." Experience, of course, suggests the opposite: that most women have enough sense to leave a man before he lands the first blow—or, at least, immediately thereafter. Dr. Walker disagrees. "Any woman" who meets up with the wrong man "is in danger of becoming a battered woman."

This is either poor social science or empathy caricatured; and may explain why Dr. Walker has been able to find self-defense in cases that the layman would recognize as first-degree murder. In one, a wife, though separated from her husband, hired a hit man, lured her husband back into the house, and, after the hired killer had fired two shots, yelled to him, "He's not dying fast enough—hit him again." Fortunately, in that case, the court excluded Dr. Walker's testimony as irrelevant.

But common sense is often left outside the courtroom door. In another case, involving a woman who shot her sleeping husband twice, following his threat to kill their baby, the expert witness, Julie Blackman, argued that the wife "exhibited characteristics of . . . [battered-woman] syndrome. . . . I emphasized . . . [her] unsuccessful attempts to leave the relationship . . . [and] although the [husband's] threat did not closely precede . . . [the killing] . . . she reported that she had relived her fear as she stood at the foot of the bed and fired the gun into her husband's sleeping body." It worked. The wife, incredibly, was acquitted on grounds of self-defense.



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*"A sense of humor is crucial. I want a man who will laugh derisively at the same things I do."*

Although Dr. Walker acknowledges that battered women do exhibit "bizarre" behavior, she attributes this to their victimization. Once free of their husbands, "most . . . cease to manifest any so-called behavioral disturbances or personality disorders, [proving] that . . . their previously abnormal behavior was directly caused by their victimization." A homicide by a battered woman is "simply a terrified human being's *normal* response to an abnormal and dangerous situation."

All this sounds more like tract than treatise (and Dr. Walker, in her professional success, reminds one of the missionaries who went to Hawaii to do good and wound up doing well). Reduced to its essence, battered-woman syndrome is not a physician's diagnosis but an advocate's invention. It means: Blame the deceased.

Unfortunately, the term has received judicial recognition. The early decisions did exclude expert testimony on battered-woman syndrome as unscientific. The District of Columbia Court of Appeals, for example, cited Dr. Walker's remark—"I tend to place all men in an especially negative light"—as evidence of bias; and the Wyoming Supreme Court accused her of reaching her conclusions before "engag[ing] in research . . . to substantiate those theories." But as Dr. Walker and others continued to publish, judicial resistance wilted. Most courts now allow expert testimony on battered-woman syndrome (just this year, the Ohio Supreme Court reversed a decade-old precedent to admit it), and a few have swallowed Dr. Walker's "learned helplessness" adaptation in one gulp. The New Jersey Supreme Court, for example, mimicked Dr. Walker by finding that battered women "become so demoralized and degraded by the fact that they cannot predict or control the violence that they sink into a state of psychological paralysis and become unable to take any action at all to improve or alter the situation."

Of course, such reasoning doesn't explain how women who are that helpless manage to stab their husbands repeatedly in the chest with butcher knives, shoot them at close range, or hire hit men to do the job. Nor does it explain why, if battered women are capable of such violent actions, they are incapable of non-homicidal responses such as leaving the house.

Far-fetched as Dr. Walker's theories are, however, one can't read many accounts of abused women without wanting to say something on their behalf. The small number of battered women who kill should not be grouped with the premeditated murderer or hired killer. Many acted only after years of cruelty. The killing was an outburst, the accumulation of years of rage. Even when the victim was, like Chester, asleep, his death may not have been the product of calculation. A woman just abused may be unable to calm herself (as the law requires) once the moment of danger has passed. Nor is flight always possible. Some women don't flee their homes because no safe port exists where an enraged husband can't find them or their children; they



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are cornered, and, so cornered, they are explosive.

But this is learned violence, not helplessness. Lenore Walker's insistence that killing "out of anger would be a male's response" is wrong; the impulse to retaliate is universal. "If one allows that the accumulated irritation of a working day can be . . . [discharged] by kicking the dog," writes psychiatrist Anthony Storr, there is no reason why more serious grievances "should not be stored for much longer, perhaps even a lifetime"; and, at times, produce outbursts like Janice Leidholm's, disproportionately savage to the immediate provocation, but revenging a history of victimization.

Under modern law, however, such acts are forbidden. The law holds a monopoly on punishment, requiring the victim to seek its protection. Janice was expected to give evidence to convict Chester. But if Janice was like most, she didn't want Chester put away, only better behaved, and refused to cooperate once an arrest rendered him contrite. And if the North Dakota police were like most, they quickly tired of responding to domestic-violence calls from the same household. Even if indefatigable, they had no legal way of preventing a determined man from attacking his wife.

Victims like Janice don't often appreciate this. Probably Janice thought the legal system incapable of effectively taking her side. Perhaps, like Bernhard Goetz, she had become unhinged by its failure to protect her in the past. Perhaps she believed that her status as one who has been repeatedly victimized accorded her greater rights to look after herself. But regardless of what Janice believed, she was not entitled to acquittal; death is not the penalty the law assigned for Chester's offenses.

Judges who allow expert testimony on battered-woman syndrome don't fully understand this. They install, perhaps unwittingly, an escape route lacking a scientific predicate and appealing to popular prejudice. And judges who allow a jury to find self-defense where the victim was asleep, or eating or bathing, or otherwise unoffending when slain ignore long-settled, dearly won legal principles evincing respect for life.

## *DATE RAPE*

A LOT OF strange things are happening on college campuses these days, and one of them is the kvetching about the alleged epidemic of "date rape." A special report to the *New York Times* on the subject by William Celis III (Jan. 2) is best summed up by its subtitle: "Agony on Campus: What Is Rape?" To a libertarian, or indeed to any sensible person, there is no problem: if the sex took place against the will of one of the parties, then it was rape, and if not, not. If it was, you call in the gendarmes, and if it wasn't, you don't.

But to the current generation of college students, things are very different. One says: "It's such a fuzzy topic," and another adds, "It's easy to look at sex and second-guess." There follows a lot of guff about how the feminist movement has succeeded in alerting countless co-eds about this terrible problem. But why should it take feminist theoreticians to inform a girl that she has been raped?

Reading on, we find that many men are confused about these rising protests by college females. The guys charge that "women with whom they have had sex did not say 'no' and did not physically resist, yet later complained of date rape." Other "angrier" men claim that "in some cases women have encouraged their advances." But the feminists lash back that these are "after-the-fact excuses." Instead, "sexual intercourse, they argue, should proceed from clear mutual consent."

Now we're getting somewhere. For if the girl did not say no and did not physically resist, then sex did indeed take place by "clear mutual consent." What do the feminists want? Will they only be satisfied if the two parties sign an express consent form before the act and have it notarized on the spot, with forms sent in triplicate to their respective attorneys and to the county clerk? If so, the notary publics in college towns are in for a thriving business.

A clue to the peculiar fuzziness of the argument can be found in the assumptions of the famed Koss study, headed by the shrink Mary Koss. In trying to find out the extent of rape on the college campuses, Miss Koss defined sexual assault as the use of force *or* "intercourse as a result of intentionally getting the woman intoxicated." And we find various references to women being reluctant to report the "rape" because one or usually both parties were "drunk" at the time.

Well, now, drinking indeed! Isn't everyone familiar with the old poem: "Candy is dandy, but liquor is quicker?"

The *New York Times* article details the re-education process. At Lehigh University, a male student was asked if he had ever committed rape. First saying, "Hell, no," the student was later talked into "realizing" that he had, and that "not saying no" was not sufficient to establish consent. (There was no notarized agreement!) Later, the poor guy, admitting that he was "very confused," wrote a self-criticism article for the student paper confessing his sin: "I was uninformed and incorrect in my actions," he groveled. Yeah, and I bet he now loves Big Brother (oops, sorry—Big Sister). Poor Orwell never knew the full depths of Political Correctness.

There are several ways by which this terrible crisis on the campus can be solved. We could go back to the prohibition of alcohol, which our culture is almost ready for in any case. Or, we could go back to the good old days of campuses before the 1950s, especially in the South: and not only the banning of co-ed dorms—indeed, abolishing of coeducation altogether—but insist on official chaperons for girls on every date, with dance-cards filled out in advance and cleared with the chaperon. Or finally, why not go the whole hog toward Left Puritanism and define all sex as *per se* coercive? That would clear up all the fuzziness, and sex, or at least hetero sex, could be outlawed completely. Or is that the point, after all?

—MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

*Mr. Rothbard is an economist and social critic.*



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If a jury needs to know why Janice or any other defendant thought she was in danger or why she didn't leave a life-endangering situation, she can speak for herself, without a hired translator. Then, if convicted, she will have established grounds for leniency, and the sentencing judge, in extending mercy, will be both honoring the law and showing due regard for the defendant. Not perfect justice, but perhaps it is as close as we can get. □

## DOMESTIC AGENDA

# REAGANOMICS IN REVERSE

**STEPHEN MOORE**

LAST YEAR George Bush renounced his "no new taxes" campaign pledge, ceased his demands for a capital-gains tax cut, splintered the Republican Party, and then signed one of the largest tax increases ever—all to win congressional support for a grand-compromise deficit-reduction agreement. It would be natural to conclude from these events that there is virtually nothing Bush won't do to conquer what he has called the cancer of big budget deficits.

But there is *one* action Bush refuses to take regardless of how large the federal debt grows. And that one action is to cut federal spending on domestic programs. Despite all the rhetoric of agonizing deficit-reduction efforts, the reality is that it has been nearly half a century since the White House has been occupied by so prodigious a spender as George Bush.

In Bush's first two years in office real domestic outlays by the Federal Government (total federal spending minus defense and interest on the debt) have grown by an unprecedented 10 per cent per year. As the table shows, this is a much faster rate of spending than during the tenures of other recent Presidents typically labeled as big spenders, such as Richard Nixon and Lyndon Johnson.

In just two years Bush has expanded the total size of the Federal Government by roughly 20 per cent. This growth is particularly remarkable because real defense spending has declined by roughly 10 per cent over this same period. Virtually all of the budget growth (until the start of war in the Persian Gulf) has been on domestic spending—the area of the budget containing the Amtraks, the middle-class entitlements, the payments to farmers for not growing their crops, the subsidies for "art," the maple-syrup research, congressional salaries, and so on. Next year George Bush will spend as much on domestic programs as Ronald Reagan spent on the entire budget in 1988.

Will the much-heralded budget pact of 1990 end the spending spree? Only marginally. Rudolph Penner, former director of the Congressional Budget Office, believes the agreement gives appropriators "more flexibility to spend than at any time since the 1970s." Domestic programs will continue to grow by an estimated 6 to 7 per cent under the deal.

Conservative groups have begun to complain that George Bush's spending and taxing behavior more closely resembles Jimmy Carter's than Ronald Reagan's. But the evidence shows this comparison to be unfair: Carter was never this spendthrift.

Defenders of Bush argue with some justification that large domestic expenditures have been required to bail out the savings and loans—a crisis that Bush inherited. Even if the S&L bailout costs are excluded entirely, however, Bush is still approving real increases in domestic programs of 6.5 per cent each year.

The Bush Administration is also confronted with a Democratic-controlled, pro-spending Congress. This certainly explains some of the spending increases under Bush. But, for perspective, in Reagan's last two years in office Congress was run by the Democrats, yet domestic spending was restrained. Gerald Ford faced a hostile legislature, yet the budget grew half as fast on his watch as on Bush's. Ford repelled budget-busting appropriations through liberal use of the veto. By contrast, last year Bush failed to veto a single spending bill.

Bush's true colors on the domestic budget are most clearly revealed

**TAXES, SPENDING, AND DEFICITS BY PRESIDENT**
**FISCAL-YEAR ANNUAL AVERAGES**

| | Domestic Spending Annual Real % Growth | All Taxes % of GNP | Deficits % of GNP |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1990–91 Bush | 10.0 | 19.4 | 4.6* |
| 1982–89 Reagan | 1.0 | 18.8 | 4.4 |
| 1978–81 Carter | 3.5 | 19.2 | 2.4 |
| 1976–77 Ford | 5.0 | 18.1 | 3.5 |
| 1970–75 Nixon | 8.5 | 18.4 | 1.6 |
| 1965–69 Johnson | 5.5 | 18.4 | 1.0 |
| 1962–64 Kennedy | 9.0 | 18.0 | 1.0 |
| 1954–61 Eisenhower | 7.5 | 17.8 | 0.4 |
| 1946–53 Truman | 5.5 | 16.9 | –0.8 |

*Deficit estimate for Bush covers 1990–1993. Source: Aldona and Gary Robbins, "Latest Budget Package as Bad as Recession," National Center for Policy Analysis, January 1991. Bush spending and tax data come from Congressional Budget Office, December 1990, Budget Outlook.
Source for all other figures: Office of Management and Budget Historical Tables, Fiscal Year 1991.

*Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute in Washington. This article is based on a larger study to be published by Cato this month.*



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through the dozens of new spending initiatives—in education, transportation, energy, space exploration, and drugs—that have been launched not over his objections but with his endorsement. These are expenditures that the Bush White House trumpets as "investments in the future."

Over two years these "investments" have included a $34-billion increase in appropriations for the Department of Health and Human Services, an $18-billion increase in housing and related programs, a $5.5-billion increase in agriculture, a $4.7-billion increase for the Education Department, and a $2.5-billion increase for the Department of Energy. What a difference a decade makes: ten years ago Reagan made an impassioned plea that America would be better off without those latter two departments. Last October Bush signed legislation to spend some $40 billion on them this year.

It is now apparent that when Bush said he wished to be the "education President" and the "environmental President," what he meant was that he wanted to spend substantially more money than Reagan did in these areas. John Sununu recently listed as Bush's primary accomplishments so far: a Clean Air Bill that will cost industry some $50 billion, a child-care law that will cost taxpayers some $8 billion, and a $150-billion tax hike. A few more victories like this and the country will be broke.

Bush's domestic-spending buildup should not be altogether surprising. Last year only three genuine conservatives held Cabinet-level positions: William Bennett, Jack Kemp, and Dan Quayle. And none of these has been an effective advocate of spending restraint, simply because each has been busy promoting a pro-spending agenda of his own: Bennett, before leaving, secured a $4-billion budget increase to fight drugs; Quayle, a $3-billion increase to send NASA to the moon and Mars; and Kemp, a $3.5-billion increase to prove that liberal housing programs can work if only they are managed by conservatives.

The overall effect of the Bush spending spree has been to dismantle much of the Reagan legacy. Domestic spending peaked at 15.3 per cent of GNP in 1983 and fell to 12.9 per cent in 1988 as a result of the relentless Reagan budget assault. This year, outlays are expected to climb back up to 15.6 per cent of GNP—well above the peak Carter year.

Similarly, the stimulative effects of the 1981 supply-side tax cuts have been all but erased. Thanks to last year's $150-billion tax wallop, Americans, on average, will pay a higher percentage of their incomes in taxes under Bush than under any other President ever. Bushonomics appears to be Reaganomics in reverse: ratcheting government spending upward and raising federal taxes to pay the tab.

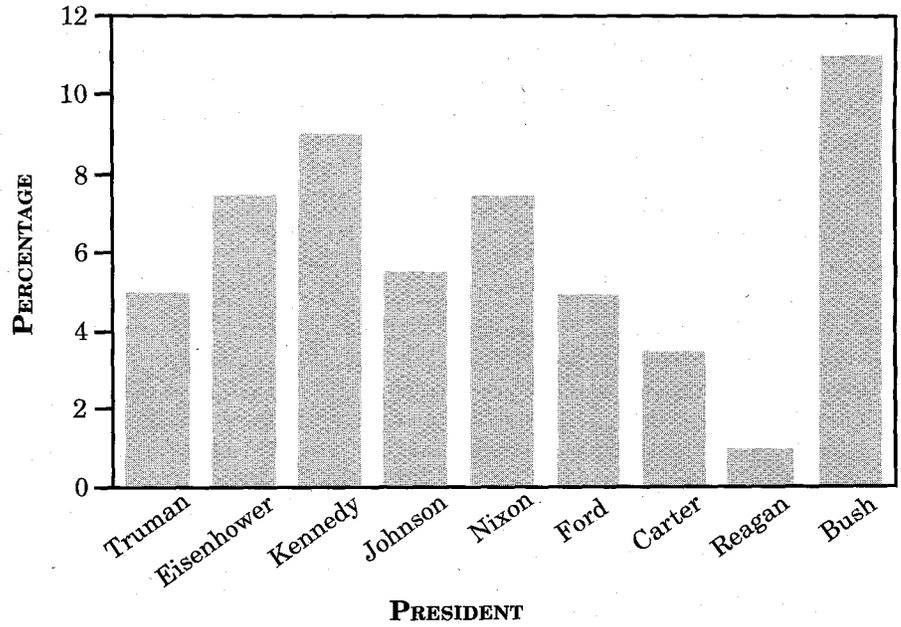
When confronted with these sobering numbers, die-hard Republicans typically respond: Just think how much worse it would have been if Michael Dukakis had been elected! Yet it is inconceivable that Dukakis could have garnered the political support to undermine Reaganomics so thoroughly. Two years of runaway spending and last year's tax hike went through Congress precisely because Bush is *not* a liberal Democrat, but a liberal Republican. Bush's fiscal policy should be recognized as the domestic equivalent to Nixon's going to China.

It is no coincidence that the nation's economic deterioration has closely paralleled Bush's repudiation of the policies that made him President. Although liberals are furiously trying to pin the blame for the recession on the ghost of Reaganomics, when Reagan handed the federal purse-strings over to the former Vice President, America's economic and fiscal outlook was unusually bright. Following six years of economic growth and four years of declining budget deficits (from 5.4 to 2.9 per cent of gross national product between 1985 and 1989), in January 1989 even the usually cautious Congressional Budget Office anticipated modest economic growth and steady reductions in federal deficit spending. Most private forecasters were at least as optimistic.

Instead, the nation is experiencing a dramatic reversal of fortune. The most recent budget forecast places the 1991 deficit at a record-shattering $325 billion—not counting the cost of Operation Desert Storm. This is twice the $150-billion deficit Bush inherited from Reagan. A private forecast by the National Center for Policy Analysis indicates that the average annual budget deficit as a share of GNP (4.6 per cent) will be larger under Bush than under any other post–World War II President. The budget package is expected to add $1 trillion of additional federal debt through 1995.

In the final analysis, this erosion of America's fiscal health is not the legacy of Reaganomics, as liberals have argued. Nor is it even, as many conservatives maintain, primarily the fault of the pro-spending coalitions in the Democratic-controlled Congress. Almost exclusively this budget crisis is the creation of the Bush Administration itself. Unless Bush reverses course immediately he will go down in history as the biggest spender ever to hold the White House, and his legacy will be $300-billion deficits as far as the eye can see. □

**AVERAGE ANNUAL REAL DOMESTIC SPENDING INCREASES BY PRESIDENT**



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# WAS SOCRATES A PLAGIARIST?

NICHOLAS DAVIDSON

SHAKESPEARE and Locke are *non gratae* at Stanford; New York schoolchildren learn that the Iroquois were the real source of the Constitution. Multiculturalism is on the march. But to the cutting edge, evicting individual dead white males from the curriculum is already old hat. The trick now is to reject European civilization outright—or take the credit for it. The name of the game is Afrocentrism.

Molefi Kete Asante, chairperson (what else?) of the Department of African American Studies at Temple University, keynoted last November's second national conference on "The Inclusion of African & African-American Content in the School Curriculum." He and other Afrocentrists claim Western civilization originated in "the black civilization in Egypt." His books, *The Afrocentric Idea* and *Afrocentricity*, are bedecked with Egyptian art and hieroglyphics.

The Afrocentrists' goals are in part a good thing. Certainly, the culture of ancient Egypt is worthy of our respect and study. The Egyptians possessed an impressive body of mathematical knowledge. Egyptian physicians developed a remarkably systematic corpus of knowledge, which strongly influenced Greek practice and ultimately the development of modern medicine. The first monumental Greek statues, the *kouroi*, bear resemblances to Egyptian models that seem too close for coincidence.

The Greek alphabet, to be sure, does not derive from the Egyptians but from Phoenicia. The Phoenicians in turn developed their alphabet from the much older cuneiform writing of Mesopotamia. But even this example underlines the fact that civilization did not spring into existence in fifth-century Athens like Athena from the head of Zeus. The Greeks, as they themselves were well aware, stood in the deep soil of more ancient civilizations. (See, for instance, Herodotus 2.4.) There is every reason to study these civilizations, for as the advocates of Afrocentrism correctly point out, our own civilization rests on their achievements. There is, however, one fatal flaw in the argument: the ancient Egyptians were not black.

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## *Examining the Evidence*

A ROOM in the Cairo museum contains the mummies of several dozen of Egypt's greatest kings, queens, and government ministers, one of the most incredible sights on the planet. Although the mummies' skin is greenish and leathery, their facial features are in many cases astonishingly well-preserved. The visitor can gaze on the face of Rameses the Great (reigned 1304–1237 B.C.), one of the mightiest of Egypt's rulers. It is obvious even to the untutored eye that the portraits correspond to the face of the mummy. It is equally obvious that Rameses, with his aquiline nose and straight hair, was not black.

The Egyptians were no less accomplished in painting than in portrait sculpture. In wall-paintings in Egyptian tombs and temples, the most minute details of daily life were rendered with a precision that still delights the eye today. One of the conventions of Egyptian art is that men were painted with reddish-brown skin, as if they spent most of their time outdoors. Women were painted with pale yellow skin, as if they spent most of their time indoors.

Foreigners of many nationalities make occasional appearances in Egyptian art—Hittites, Canaanites, Philistines, Greeks, Hottentots, and others. They are painstakingly depicted with their distinctive hairstyles, clothing, accoutrements, and skin color. Blacks, on the relatively rare occasions when they appear, are depicted with coal-black skin. Unmistakably Negroid hair and facial features are visible in many of these depictions. In addition, blacks are often shown wearing animal skins, whereas Egyptians are almost invariably dressed in white cotton. On the relatively rare occasions when blacks appear in Egyptian art, they are commonly depicted as defeated enemies, mercenary soldiers, tribute bearers, or slaves. To argue that blacks played more than a peripheral role in the development of Egyptian civilization requires ignoring this massive record.

No doubt some of the proponents of Afrocentrism will remain unconvinced by this evidence. What we are allowed to see in Western museums, they will assert, has been selected or doctored by Western imperialists in order to promote their own cultural mythos. Can this objection be answered?

Some years ago, I was briefly attached to the archaeological team at Luxor, Egypt, whose task is to excavate and restore the great temple of Amon at Karnak. In my free time, I visited with the extremely hospitable local *fellahin*, and climbed in and out of many rock-cut tombs in the desert. From the stifling heat and blinding sun outside, you descend into a cool interior covered with paintings that explode off the walls as if painted yesterday. I can testify that the selection of art seen in Western museums does not differ from that found *in situ* in Egypt.

The Afrocentrists could claim that the ancient population of Egypt vanished at some unknown point in the past (in which case they will also have to explain why today's Egyptians look the same as the ancient ones) and that virtually the whole of Egyptian art as we know it consists of forgeries, created by fiendish Westerners to mislead people into thinking that the ancient Egyptians were white.

These forgeries, however, would have to include tens of thousands of tomb paintings and acres of bas-reliefs, including those that cover wall after wall of the great temple of Amon at Karnak, the largest building on



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earth. They will have to claim that the colossal statues that dot the Nile Valley were constructed for the same purpose. They will have to reject as counterfeit the miles of hieroglyphic scrolls, many of whose pictographs show people who look just the same as the ones in the statues and tomb paintings. Finally, they will have to claim that the thousands of mummies, with their straight hair and non-negroid features, were created and put in place, beneath tons of sand and rock, in highly elaborate tombs, surrounded by treasures of stupendous value —such as the eight-hundred-pound solid-gold coffin of Tutankhamen—all this as part of a gigantic conspiracy for the sole purpose of oppressing blacks.

None of this, of course, is to deny the existence of major cultural achievements in black Africa. The heroic epics of the bards of Benin may well stand comparison with Beowulf and the Norse sagas. At its most intricate, African drum music takes rhythmic complexity to a level that makes the rhythms of European music seem almost inexcusably simple by contrast. Military strategists study the campaigns of Shaka, the military genius who created the Zulu nation out of an obscure tribe in the early nineteenth century.

There is, however, an unbridgeable gulf between history and the propaganda that is increasingly being served up in its place.

In fact, Afrocentrism's teachings are not new. Consider the following passage from Asante:

> The logic of Afrocentricity is immutable, non-contradictory, and consolidating. It is immutable, because it is based on the reality of yourself; you know yourself first. If you use a logic outside of yourself, you know that it is artificial and alien. Only the logic, symbolic relationships, derived from your center can create the necessary power for reconstruction [*sic*]. It is non-contradictory because it takes the symbols created from your center and connects them to symbols created by other people in order to advance the collective conscious imperative.

Here are three ideas central to the liberal tradition: first, that experience is the sole source of knowledge, an idea common both to the Greek sophists and to such founders of modern liberalism as Locke and Condillac; second, that logic is relative, if it exists at all, an idea also common to the ancient sophists and to modern pragmatists and deconstructionists; third, the Rousseauvian idea of the General Will, mysteriously incarnate in society.

These ideas—of the sophists, Locke, and Rousseau—are ones conservatives should treat with some respect, though we usually oppose them. Indeed such battles are often said to *constitute* the Western tradition. Serving them up as part of an "alternative culture," and thus immune from criticism, is simply another trick in a millennia-old debate.

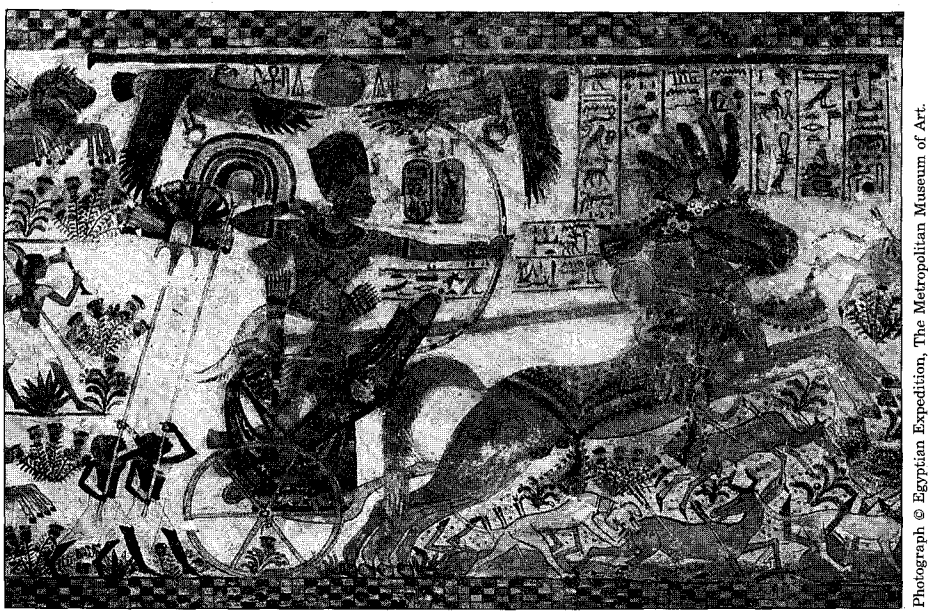
## *New Roots*

AFROCENTRISM does contain one element of truth. Black Americans, torn loose several generations ago from the ancestral ties of home, family, and tradition, have naturally begun to seek their African roots. Given the centrality of tradition to conservative thought, what conservative can reasonably object to this quest?

At the same time, it must be said that by now most white Americans' ties with Europe are equally attenuated. Like it or not, we are all Americans. Virtually every American black who has traveled to Africa on the assumption that he would be more at home there has returned with the realization that, despite the difficulties blacks face here, he is first and foremost an American. Hence it is not surprising that the Afrocentrists cannot escape the rhetoric of Locke, Rousseau, and other white thinkers, for, like other Americans, they share this political and intellectual heritage.

Is there really any disgrace in this? So far as the ancient Greeks were concerned, the inhabitants of Western Europe and Asia were barbarians, as in fact they were at the time. Yet this did not stop the Romans, the Arabs, and later the English, French, and Germans from building on and often surpassing the Greeks' achievements, any more than it did the Greeks themselves from building on, and vastly surpassing, the achievements of Egypt and Mesopotamia.

Such considerations, however, are unlikely to sway many Afrocentrists, sunk as they are in a blanket rejection of Western civilization. Nor can they be expected to provide much of a basis for resistance to Afrocentrism by modern liberals, who have banished the concepts of facts, evidence, objectivity, truth, reason, science, and nature from their lexicon. When Margaret Mead's claims on the existence of teenage sexual promiscuity in Samoa were debunked by the Australian anthropologist Derek Freeman in 1983, the response of some anthropologists was that Miss Mead had actually been pursuing a higher truth, by creating "myths for society to live by." Why then should the truth about ancient Egypt matter? Those who deny the fixity of all truth are in a singularly poor position to object when somebody claims, as the Afrocentrists literally do, that white is black. □



Photograph © Egyptian Expedition, The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

*King Tutankhamen hunting, with the two black servants behind his chariot.*



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# Rousseau Revisited

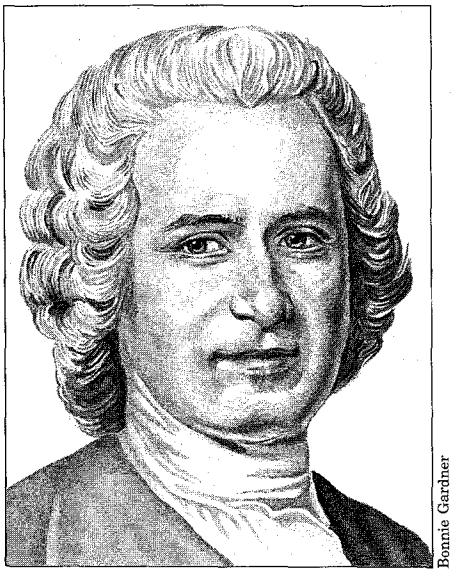
JOEL SCHWARTZ

MARXISM may be dead today, but the Left remains very much alive. Its continued vitality is evident in the widespread suspicion of authority, the propensity to blame society first for our dissatisfactions, and the romantic environmentalist condemnation of even the most benign tinkering with pristine nature. That such attitudes have survived the obsolescence of Marxism is unsurprising, since they were most powerfully articulated by Jean-Jacques Rousseau, half a century before Marx's birth. In many respects Rousseau, the guiding light of the pre-Marxist Left, is suitably positioned to provide a similar service for today's post-Marxist Left. Michigan State University political scientist Arthur M. Melzer takes full account of Rousseau's leftism in his remarkably comprehensive and nuanced study, *The Natural Goodness of Man*.

Rousseau's leftism comes, of course, as no news to conservatives, who have responded to his thought with scorn and dismay ever since Burke. Thus Irving Babbitt's excellent critique *Rousseau and Romanticism* denounced "the audacity of [Rousseau's] revolt . . . from . . . decorum," while finding "the psychology of Rousseau writ large" in the French Revolution and specifically in its Reign of Terror. But at the same time, Babbitt conceded that Rousseau was not without his saving graces: he approvingly quoted a French writer's claim that Rousseau understood "the applications of his boldest doctrines in a way to reassure conservatives," and Babbitt himself found in Rousseau "a great deal of shrewdness and at times something even better than shrewdness."

***The Natural Goodness of Man: On the System of Rousseau's Thought, by Arthur M. Melzer (University of Chicago Press, 308 pp., $18.95)***

Melzer's excellent study should be of particular interest to conservatives, in that it brings to light Rousseau's generally overlooked conservative shrewdness, without sweeping his better-known leftism under the rug. While presenting a Rousseau who crosses party lines, Melzer's chief concern is to rebut a charge that also crosses them—that Rousseau was a self-contradictory thinker, helplessly torn between the quest for community and the longing for isolation. He concedes that Rousseau's thought "appears to be both disjointed and self-contradictory," but he conclusively demonstrates that it "is really quite consistent, . . . form[ing] a rigorous, unified system, . . . built upon a single new principle: the doctrine of the natural goodness of man."



Bonnie Gardner

Rousseau's belief in the natural goodness of man would be outlandish if it applied to his contemporaries (or ours), but it does not; so far from finding them either natural or good, Rousseau denounces them as the corrupted repositories of all manner of vices. The natural goodness of man characterizes only prehistoric solitaries, who were largely self-sufficient; their interests were not in conflict, and they had no incentive to harm one another. Evil arose only when men unnaturally became social beings, who necessarily depend on one another; Rousseau argues that this dependence, experienced even by absolute rulers, is the true source of unhappiness, vice, and crime.

Dependence on others makes for unhappiness because it requires man to contradict himself; the man who depends on others is divided between his selfish desires and the hypocritical need to appear selflessly to serve others (so as to gain their cooperation). In Melzer's phrase, he is characterized by "selfish selflessness"; in Allan Bloom's formulation, he is a man "who, when dealing with others, thinks only of himself, and on the other hand, in his understanding of himself, thinks only of [how he appears to] others."

If human beings as we know them are living contradictions ensnared by personal dependence, their salvation lies in removing the contradiction between selfishness and selflessness. And this can be accomplished, Rousseau argues, by moving in either of two directions: toward genuine citizenship (in which men truly serve others, their selfishness having been uprooted) or toward genuinely self-sufficient individualism (in which men truly serve themselves, but no longer make themselves or others unhappy by attempting to exploit others). Rousseau's contrary solutions—communitarianism and individualism—are of course inconsistent with one another, as Rousseau himself clearly understood. Both, however, stem logically from truly profound reflections on the shortcomings of ordinary social life: either extreme solution, in Rousseau's view, would be preferable to our incoherent mixture of the two.

Melzer's book chiefly explores Rousseau's communitarian or political solution, as it is developed principally in *The Social Contract*. The surprisingly conservative Rousseau whom Melzer portrays is deeply indebted to Platonic and Aristotelian political philosophy.

*Mr. Schwartz is executive editor of* The Public Interest *and author of* The Sexual Politics of Jean-Jacques Rousseau *(University of Chicago Press, 1984).*



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In a brilliantly counterintuitive but ultimately persuasive reading, he demonstrates that Rousseau seconded the ancient philosophers' emphasis on the role of great statesmen because he too was an inegalitarian who understood the rarity and importance of human excellence. Rousseau's debt to ancient philosophy is also reflected in his acceptance of the conservative view that a sound polity must concern itself with the moral character of its citizens; a good regime cannot live by institutional arrangements—no matter how ingenious—alone. But at the same time, Rousseau was very well aware of the importance of the sorts of institutional arrangements that liberal constitutional theory emphasizes; while giving due heed to the view that Rousseau was the progenitor of totalitarian democracy, Melzer convincingly demonstrates that "the doctrine of the separation of powers . . . lies at the very core of Rousseau's politics," and that "Rousseau's state is . . . meant to be . . . a *balance of powers*, in which no part 'rules' in the full, traditional sense."

Despite the incendiary quality of Rousseau's rhetoric, Melzer plausibly argues that "Rousseau's . . . political thought in general was fundamentally conservative." Rousseau despised the *Ancien Régime*, of course, and he thought that virtually all extant states (excepting only a few small republics like Geneva) were illegitimate. But he was still a sincere antirevolutionary; deeply pessimistic, and convinced of the decadence of monarchic Europe, he nevertheless denied that either reform or revolution could improve matters. Because he thought that political legitimacy was so seldom attainable, Rousseau hoped that his writings would dissuade and not encourage reformers and revolutionaries.

The author's case for Rousseau's conservatism is ingenious and provocative, but he knows not to take it too far. He recognizes that Rousseau's extreme pessimism makes him unconservative, and that it points to grave defects in his political thought. Melzer neatly argues that true conservatism is paradoxically progressive, since the "preference for old over new often turns out to imply the superiority of the present over the past, for things are older today than yesterday." Although Rousseau "condemn[ed] novelty and change like a conservative," for the most part he lacked conservatives' faith in venerable traditions and institutions; the old institutions may have been best suited to his largely decadent contemporaries, "but they [were] still likely to be contemptibly bad." Rousseau's pessimism made him as poor a political prophet as Marx: Rousseau insisted that political representation and capitalist economics would invariably culminate in tyranny.

Still, *The Natural Goodness of Man* demonstrates that Rousseau's well-known shortcomings as a political thinker are matched by profound insights that are far less familiar. These insights, which "confront the whole phenomenon of man," explain his enormous historical influence across the whole political spectrum. The breadth of Rousseau's influence testifies to his remarkable capacity to think philosophically, and thus to transcend our ordinary political categories.

Melzer recognizes, as conservatives must, that "the dangers of Rousseau's thought . . . are very real"; he also understands, as conservatives should, that "they are dangers best defused by understanding." *The Natural Goodness of Man* deserves great praise as an ideal guide to a remarkable thinker—both a sworn political opponent and, surprisingly often, an ally of sorts—with whom conservatives would do well to be better acquainted. It is always important to know one's enemies; it is delightful to encounter an unexpected friend. □

# Tanks for Nothing

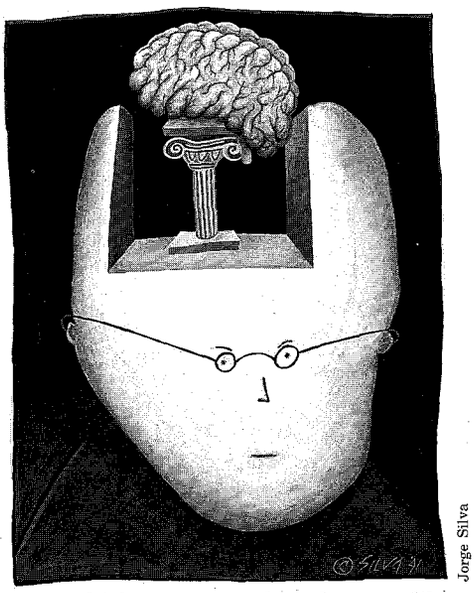
DAVID BROOKS

THEY ARE CALLED think tanks, but if you work in one and all you do is think, you get fired. So a think-tanker spends a lot of time concocting theories as to why the nation's op-ed pages all turned down his latest submission, "Senegalese Liberation Forces: Déjà Vu All Over Again?"

***The Idea Brokers: Think Tanks and the Rise of the New Policy Elite, by James Allen Smith (Free Press, 197 pp., $24.95)***

Now that think tanks are an important or at least vocal part of the political landscape, it is time somebody really got inside one and explained the behavior patterns of its denizens. What, for example, drives a person to spend twenty years writing essays on, say, the limitations of the GATT process? The human mind, unfettered by some sort of strange incentive structure, simply will not dwell on the sorts of topics that are the stuff of think-tank policy analyses.

Are think-tankers angling for an Administration job? Are they driven by dreams of writing one of those books with titles like *The End of Ideology*, which are remembered as readily as the book's entire contents are forgotten? In the world of think-tank rivalry, does the person who sits on the most conference panels win?



Jorge Silva

One suspects that a public-choice analysis would reveal that think-tankers are driven by surprising career incentives, and that the resulting behavior has unintended consequences for public policy.

James Allen Smith's *The Idea Brokers: Think Tanks and the Rise of the New Policy Elite* is not such a book. In fact, Mr. Smith embodies the think-tank ethos more than he describes it.

*Mr. Brooks is an editorial writer for the* Wall Street Journal—Europe.



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Mr. Smith did not set out to write this book because he had a provocative thesis about think tanks, and when he was finished he had not arrived at one. He seems more concerned with responsibly describing his subject than with being interesting. The compliment that could be given to it is that it is a professional job. This book could have been written on a government contract.

Mr. Smith begins his work with descriptions of the policy experts of the progressive era. Dutifully, he limns the intellectual premises of each new policy institution as it comes along, often describing the ideological predilections of its founder, and then spending five or ten pages describing the work of the institution.

In style, Mr. Smith owes a great deal to the college textbook. It is a bloodless world he is describing. There is no effort to convey what it feels like to work inside a think tank, what an individual think-tanker's career path may look like. There is not much emphasis on individuals at all. The institutions are the major actors.

When his chronology arrives at the present he is faced with the problem of drawing conclusions. Here is the crucial paragraph on the last page of his book:

"The relationship between knowledge and politics is one that demands constant scrutiny and reflection. It summons us to ask, again and again, what we really need to know to govern ourselves well. It demands that we test our theoretical knowledge by confronting real choices and their consequences. It requires us to use knowledge not as an intimidating bludgeon, but as a tool of education and persuasion, honestly exploring first premises and accepting the uncertainties of evidence. Above all, it compels us to admit that political wisdom is different from knowledge of the physical world and that social science can neither replace politics nor relieve us of the responsibility for making value-laden choices. Finally, it calls for a healthy egalitarian skepticism of the authority of experts."

Mr. Smith worked months or perhaps years on this book to say *that*? A normal person doesn't turn on his word processor in order to reach such timid (though telling) conclusions.

The tone of this paragraph is the tone State Department officials use in after-dinner speeches: exhortatory banality. Many policy intellectuals seem to have persuaded themselves that they are part of the ruling culture. They have adopted the cautious, professional manner of government officials and the joyless tone of the government policy memo.

This self-importance has produced not ambitious projects, but rather timidity. We want government officials to be cautious, but writers as circumspect and unopinionated as, say, Mr. Smith are merely dull. And a little bit annoying.

## *RANDOM NOTES*

■ AMERICA'S CANON. It began with Edmund Wilson, with the great critic's admiration of the European tradition of comprehensive, quality collections of literary classics: Editions Pléiade, Scrittori d'Italia. In 1961, Wilson wrote his Random House editor, Jason Epstein: "It is absurd that our most read and studied writers should not be available in their entirety in any convenient form." Mr. Epstein agreed and set about to make it happen, but by the time of Wilson's death in 1972 the project was in limbo. Still Mr. Epstein, always as much entrepreneur as editor (he founded *The New York Review of Books* in 1958, *The Reader's Catalog* in 1989), refused to give up. Since money was the problem, he went where the money is—to the Ford Foundation. By 1979, Literary Classics of the United States had funding from Ford and the National Endowment for the Humanities, and had set up shop in an office sublet from the Children's Television Workshop. In 1982 the first volumes in the renamed Library of America were published: *Typee, Omoo, and Mardi* by Herman Melville, *Tales and Sketches* by Nathaniel Hawthorne, *Three Novels* by Harriet Beecher Stowe, and *Poetry and Prose* by Walt Whitman.

The Library of America (LOA) approach is a book publisher's fantasy. (In reality, of course, the conceit is achievable only through subsidy. New books manage to pay for themselves, but keeping all LOA titles in print is possible only with grant support.) Everything about the series is Olympian: the trim size (4⅞′ × 7⅞′) is based on the "golden section"; the typeface is a modern adaptation of the legendary sixteenth-century Granjon; the paper is Ecusta Nyalite—acid-free, of course; bindings are sewn *and* glued; the binding cloth over the flexible boards is designed for maximum durability. Each volume receives three separate proofreadings; in one, two people work together—as one reads aloud, the other follows along and corrects the text. (LOA offers a free book to any reader who discovers a textual error.) Top scholars oversee each volume and add notes and chronologies, but not introductions; the authors alone speak.

But which authors? Many thousands of Americans have written books, but not all deserve a place in America's canon; and we know well how many college reading lists have been redesigned for political indoctrination. But when I asked LOA publisher Cheryl Hurley and selection-committee chairman Richard Poirier if politics intrudes in their decisions, they denied it. "If Library of America turns out to be a canon, it won't be because we set out to establish one," Mrs. Hurley said.

"And such political pressures as have been brought to bear upon us," Mr. Poirier added, "have not been intense."

This is no doubt because LOA stands apart from the academy. The goal is to produce definitive texts—without critical flourishes—and, as Mrs. Hurley noted, the only criteria for the inclusion of an author are three: he or she must be American, dead, and good. The first two criteria are easily established.

Of the fifty or so volumes published so far, more than forty are the work of dead white males, and rights to the work of even more DWMs (Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos) that LOA would like to publish are often hard to obtain. That LOA is about to publish Gertrude Stein, Richard Wright, Kate Chopin, and Zora Neale Hurston *might* indicate the infiltration of multiculturalism, although I certainly would have voted to include the first two, and never having read Chopin or Hurston I have no opinion about their worthiness. In any case, if this is *diversity*, it is diversity at its most palatable.

—BRAD MINER



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What would happen if think-tankers ignored all the exhortations in Mr. Smith's paragraph? The Republic would probably be no worse off. Maybe things would be better. The influence think-tankers have on policy is indirect and obscure. Bludgeon-wielders such as Michael Harrington and George Gilder have had more influence than hundreds of those centrist books with "Policy Implications" chapters in the back.

Twenty years ago the influence of government on intellectual life was not so strong. These are the five lead stories of the winter 1971 issue of a magazine called *Modern Occasions*, edited by Philip Rahv: "Culture Now: Some Animadversions, Some Laughs," "What and Where Is the New Left?" "The American Empire," "Lionel Trilling: Criticism and Illusion," and "The Sexual Revolution."

If you are a think-tanker who considers each essay an application for a government job, these are exactly the sorts of grand and freewheeling subjects you are not going to address. If you are a policy intellectual who aims to write circumspect essays for the good of the Republic, these are the sorts of flamboyant topics you are going to avoid. They are not "professional."

Think-tankers are liberated from the pedantry of academia. It is sad when they succumb to the sobriety of government. □

# The Thrill of the Drill

JEFF D. SANDEFER

THE observations of Harold Ickes, America's first energy "czar" under Franklin Roosevelt, are as true today as they were in 1933: "There is no doubt about our absolute and complete dependence upon oil. We have passed from the stone age, to bronze, to iron, to the industrial age, and now to an age of oil. Without oil, American civilization as we know it could not exist."

It would be impossible fully to understand the twentieth century, the "age of oil," without reading *The Prize* by Daniel Yergin. Few books written about business are worth reading, and far fewer are truly exceptional, but *The Prize* is beyond exceptional. A definitive history of the petroleum industry, it is an entrancing tale of promoters, industrialists, and politicians; it is packed with historical detail, but written with the richness and intrigue of a romantic novel or a Tom Clancy thriller.

*The Prize* is part history textbook, part economics treatise, and part biography; an account of the fact and spirit of an industry whose cycles of boom and bust have defined the economics and politics of the twentieth century. Like the industry it chronicles, *The Prize* operates on many levels: geopolitical, as wars are started or ended over access to petroleum supply; economic, as companies and countries fight for position; and personal, as wildcatters and industrialists go from rags to riches and, often, back again to rags. Most importantly, *The Prize* is a reminder of the inevitability of oil surpluses and shortages and the foolishness of those who ignore the warning signs of change.

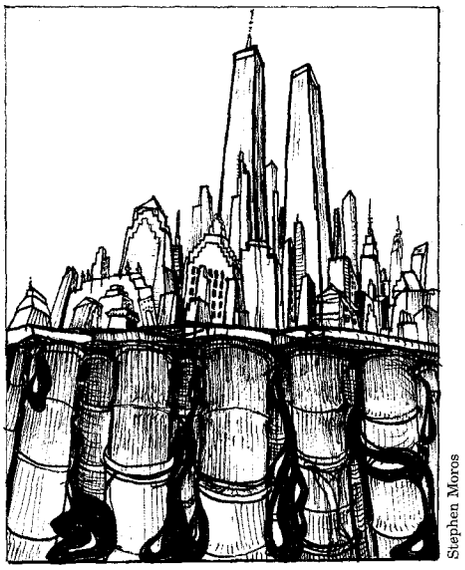
In Yergin's view, modern business and world political events are linked and buffeted by the cycles of oil, a never-ending battle between the economic principles of man and the laws of nature. The economies of scale in petroleum refining, transportation, and marketing require a steady flow of crude oil to feed capital-intensive refineries and distribution networks.

***The Prize: The Epic Quest for Oil, Money & Power, by Daniel Yergin (Simon & Schuster, 837 pp., $24.95)***

This need for stability conflicts with the physical reality of oilfields, which initially produce at high rates, but almost immediately slow down.

From the commercial discovery of oil in Pennsylvania in 1859 to the battlefields of the Middle East in 1991, the stories of wildcatters, industrialists, and politicians unfold against a recurring background. New discoveries produce a glut of supply, causing oil prices to collapse, eventually leading to expanding markets and increasing demand. Finally, as fields and markets mature, transportation and supply bottlenecks develop, resulting in skyrocketing oil prices and predictions of the end of the hydrocarbon era. Gradually, demand is suppressed by the high prices and additional supply is added through the ingenuity of explorers and new technology, beginning the cycle again.

In *The Prize*, the cycles are driven by a colorful mixture of explorers—a collection of gamblers, rogues, and heroes that could only be assembled by the allure of oil. Those who live to explore for oil, no matter what their scientific accomplishments, are not rational people. The harsh reality of exploration demands the soul of a dreamer; no matter how diligent the effort, nine of every ten ventures end in total failure. Words could never fully describe the joy of a discovery, or the cold despair of yet another dry hole.



Stephen Moros

*The Prize* depicts the philosophical paradox of oil: geologists must suspend reason to find oil in unlikely places, but all their creativity is for naught unless rational businessmen can produce, refine, and market it at a profit.

This unlikely alliance between art and science, dreamer and rationalist, provides the drama of oil. From the wildcatters who struck it rich on their last dollar and then lost it all searching for one more find to the entrepreneurs who changed the very order of society to create new markets, the characters of the oil business are as remarkable as the industry they created.

*Mr. Sandefer is president of the Sandefer Offshore Co. in Houston, Texas.*



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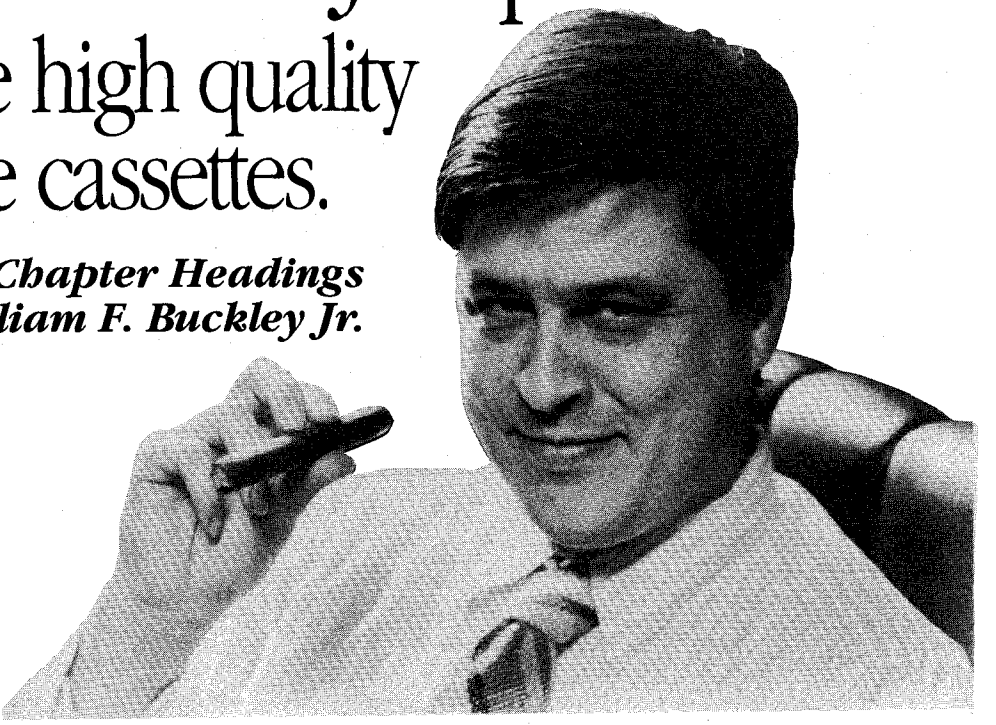

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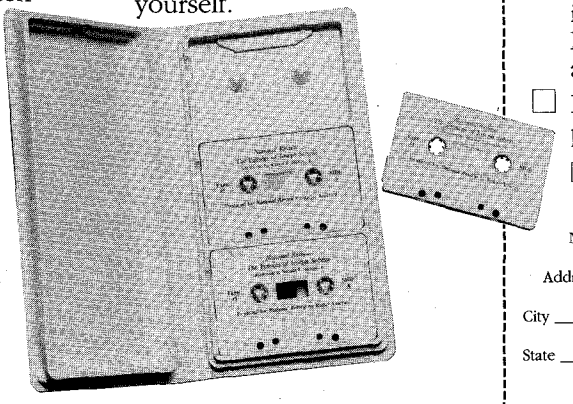

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As Yergin observes, the cycles of surplus and shortage reached far beyond the oilfields: "As war was too important to be left to generals, so oil was clearly too important to be left to the oil men. Petroleum had become the province of presidents and premiers, of foreign and finance and energy ministers, of congressmen and parliamentarians, of regulators and 'czars.'" "Oil," he adds, "provided the point at which foreign policy, international economic considerations, national security, and corporate interests all converge."

Attempts by government to alter the oil cycles, when they had any effect at all, were usually counterproductive, Yergin notes: "Two contradictory, even schizophrenic, strands of public policy toward the major oil companies have appeared and reappeared in the United States. On occasion, Washington would champion the companies and their expansion in order to promote America's political and economic interests, protect its strategic objectives, and enhance the nation's well-being. At other times, these same companies were subjected to populist assaults against 'big oil' for their allegedly greedy, monopolistic ways."

Despite the dependence of modern civilization on oil, society quickly forgets the lessons of past cycles. During periods of surplus, unlimited consumption is considered as a right of citizenship; during periods of shortage, producers and financial markets are easily persuaded that the power of oil can suspend the laws of supply and demand. Even industry experts, to their later embarrassment, base their predictions on an analysis of current events.

Yergin is at his best when he can analyze and order events with historical perspective. In the end, though, he ignores his earlier chapters, shifting from historian to industry expert in order to focus on recent events. This concentration on the present, while in no way diminishing the power of *The Prize*, is itself a sobering warning for

## RIGHT BOOKS

■ AFGHAN DUST: Most Americans think of the Russo-Afghan war as little more than another Soviet land-grab which ended happily when on February 15, 1989, the Red Army departed Afghanistan in apparent defeat.

A young Polish émigré living in London, journalist Radek Sikorski took interest in the Soviet subjugation of the Afghan people. He had heard accounts of children taken from their mothers and sent to Russia to be educated; of the Soviets' forcibly replacing the Afghan language with Russian; and of the destruction of the nation's most beautiful and cherished mosques. In 1987, Mr. Sikorski made the first of several trips to Afghanistan to live with, to travel with, and indeed to become one of the *mujahedin*.

*Dust of the Saints: A Journey through War-Torn Afghanistan* (Paragon, 273 pp., $19.95) is the result. In the year or so that he spent in Afghanistan, Mr. Sikorski grew fond of these seemingly fanatic, certainly very different, people. "Perhaps I ought to justify my sympathy for hundreds of men shouting alien religious slogans," he says. "Tell any man that the faith of his ancestors, his morals, and his daily customs are backward and useless; force him at gunpoint to adopt a way of life he has been taught to despise; and finally get a foreign army to burn his family if he resists—and the end product should be a fanatic."

That "way of life" is Communism, and Mr. Sikorski experienced it firsthand in his native Poland. The *mujahedin* were worthy rebels, he believes, and deserved world support: "Once again a nation had stood up to the Soviet Union," but this time there's a difference, he writes, because "for the first time there seemed a chance it might succeed."

Camels and Muslims seldom make enthralling copy, but Mr. Sikorski solves the problem by presenting his journey in story form. We experience his initial fears of battlefield journalism; we see him bridging the gap in both culture and language; we watch his friendship with the *mujahedin* leader, Ismael Khan, grow—all on a perilous trek speckled with adventure to the mysterious city of Herat.

The forlorn rebels managed with little weaponry, meager supplies of ammunition, and little or no formal military training to fortify positions and run down the high-tech Soviet forces. What proved decisive was the Muslim will to live, the dedication to the Koran and to Allah, the courage of a proud people—and, well, the American Stinger missile.

Mr. Sikorski paints vividly elaborate and detailed portraits of his experiences—the places, the characters, the explosions, the innocent children killed by indiscriminate bombings. One particularly memorable scene takes place in a small village outside Herat. The Soviets launched a bombing raid, killing dozens of residents. Plowing through the debris, Mr. Sikorski discovered "a veiled woman with two small children by her side. Their hands were raised up in the air as if they were about to lift themselves out of the rubble and thank the men for rescuing them. One of the children was smiling. The dust hardly dimmed the brilliance of the silk bouquets embroidered on the mother's dress . . . The children's clothes and faces, and the skin on their bare arms, were pale and white as if they had been sprinkled with flour, but they seemed unharmed. There was no blood on them, but they were dead." The image which subsequently materialized from his film won a prestigious award, but his words seem to evoke a more vivid and lasting impression than the photograph (which though printed in the British publication of *Dust of the Saints* was inexplicably absent from this Paragon edition).

His assessment, in the epilogue, of the situation after the Soviet withdrawal, however, is a point of contention. Mr. Sikorski seems to hint that the Soviets left in defeat. Indeed, they left in military defeat, only to fight the war by other means. The Soviets staged their withdrawal as a way of removing their war in Afghanistan from world attention, enabling them to divide and conquer the resistance, while propping up their puppet Communist regime in Kabul with thousands of Soviet military and political advisors who remain in Kabul to this day.

This somewhat erroneous assessment is merely an afterthought, however. When little was known of the details of the war in Afghanistan, Mr. Sikorski reported its horrors to the West, compelling us to take a closer look. *Dust of the Saints* documents the true brutality of Soviet aggression, and reminds us that so brutal a regime cannot quickly reform itself.

—GEOFFREY MORRIS



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a civilization based on oil. For "in the epic quest for oil, money, and power," the oil cycle has always shattered the indisputable assumptions of the petroleum prophets, usually when least expected. □

# Caesar's Due

VIVIAN W. DUDRO

AT A PRESS conference in New York City a few years ago, Mother Teresa was asked her opinion of liberation theology. "I don't know about liberation theology," she replied. "All I know is that theology is supposed to be about God." Unsatisfied, the reporter rephrased the question, asking whether the Church should not only feed the poor but also help them reform unjust regimes. "How can you change a society," Mother Teresa asked, "if you don't first bring individuals face to face with God?" Like Jesus when baited by his enemies, she did not avoid the questions, she transcended them. Rather than debate Christianity's compatibility with Marxism, she pointed to the ultimate purpose of Christianity which renders economic debates largely irrelevant.

There are instances, however, when rebutting ideologies on theological grounds is necessary, as when the U.S. Catholic bishops were writing their pastoral letter on the American economy. In the early drafts of their document on nuclear weapons, which questioned the morality of nuclear deterrence and President Reagan's military buildup, and in their criticisms of U.S. support for the Salvadoran government and the Nicaraguan Contras, the bishops appeared to be tilting left. Catholic conservatives therefore sought to counterbalance the influences that could cause the bishops to tilt against capitalism.

***The Capitalist Spirit: Toward a Religious Ethic of Wealth Creation, edited by Peter L. Berger (ICS Press, 200 pp., $18.95)***

In the debate preceding the bishops' 1986 publication of *Economic Justice for All*, Michael Novak of the American Enterprise Institute emerged as the leading Catholic apologist for free enterprise. At a time when the nightly news featured interviews with indigents at the soup kitchen and many Catholic intellectuals embraced Daniel Ortega as a champion of the poor, Mr. Novak was dusting off the works of Adam Smith and calling attention to the undervalued virtues of democratic capitalism.

In this collection of essays by authors of various religious backgrounds, the discussion led by Mr. Novak continues. Edited by Peter Berger, director of Boston University's Institute for the Study of Economic Culture, the volume mentions the macroeconomic

*Mrs. Dudro is a freelance writer in Tempe, Arizona, and a contributor to the* National Catholic Register.


# There *Are* Lectures at Thomas Aquinas College

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arguments for capitalism, such as its efficiency in distributing more goods to more people. However, the authors' main objective is to analyze the apparent hostility of religion toward wealth.

As Mr. Berger points out in his introduction, Judaeo-Christian thought "has had a very hard time dealing with the moral challenge of modern capitalism," the viability of which depends on the individual pursuit of prosperity.

The origin of this difficulty is traced to the Hebrew and Christian scriptures by Robert Grant, professor emeritus of religion at the University of Chicago, and David Novak, professor of Modern Judaic Studies at the University of Virginia. The imperative of hard work aside, an ethic for creating wealth is lacking in both the Old and the New Testaments, though there are plenty of warnings against hoarding it. "The Hebrew Bible seems to be concerned only with the just distribution and redistribution of necessary things," Professor Novak observes. The same holds for the writings sacred to Christians.

In the Middle Ages, Mr. Novak's essay points out, there was little cause to ponder economic ethics beyond the Biblical and scholastic condemnations of sloth, avarice, and usury. With trade minimal and local economics based on agriculture, he writes, the teachings of Judaism and Christianity "made direct and simple sense to the medieval serfs and peasants, among whom prosperity made slow headway." Also, with its otherworldly orientation, Christianity tended to disdain moneymaking as a morally inferior occupation.

Enter mercantilism and international trade, followed by the Industrial Revolution. In adjusting to the socio-economic changes sweeping through Europe, eighteenth-century intellectuals began re-evaluating the code of economic behavior based on an extinct feudal society. Philosophers Adam Smith and David Hume "did not so much repeal the old table of virtues and vices as reform and revise it," Mr. Novak explains, "so as to call to attention newly recognized moral failings and fresh moral possibilities." By contending that the liberating forces of commerce and free markets would allow men to better not only themselves but also society at large, Smith and Hume remarkably advanced "a moral argument for capitalism before its triumph."

The proclivity of American Catholic bishops to reject Enlightenment economics is examined in this book by George Weigel, president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C. Antebellum American Catholics were primarily Irish immigrants who characteristically romanticized the Middle Ages and identified capitalism with Protestantism, individualism, and greed. Given its working-class constituency, the Church after the Civil War concentrated on the concerns of labor. "The focus remained, through the Great Depression and World War II, on the ethics of distribution, not creation."

But why does this focus continue to the present day when the system of capitalism is the engine that moved American Roman Catholics from working-class immigrants to middle-class suburbanites? "Parallel to the rise of what we might call the Catholic CEO class over the past generation, there has developed a new class of Catholic intellectuals and publicists," answers Mr. Weigel. Highly influential in Church institutions, these people have "a standard 'new class' animus toward the old business-class elite."

Though overlooked, there are resources within Catholic thought for building an ethic of wealth creation, Mr. Weigel suggests. Among these is the creation-centered theology of Pope John Paul II, in which the economic initiatives of man flow from his being made in the image of the Creator.

But contributor Walter Block, director of the Center for the Study of Economics and Religion in Vancouver, turns from religion to libertarianism for an ethic of wealth creation. The inclusion of his essay in the book is puzzling, because the title implies, and the preceding essays supply, an analysis of religious thinking on the subject.

The book returns to this objective with a final piece by Richard John Neuhaus, director of the Institute on Religion and Public Life in New York City. The reason an ethic for wealth creation appears to be lacking in the Judaeo-Christian tradition, he says, is that in the end wealth does not matter much, "so long as one is not attached to it, and so long as one shares generously with those in need." He notes that Christian theology is better off paying little attention to economics. While "jeremiads against pride, greed, and avarice will always be in order," efforts to "theologize economics tend to produce dismal theology." Both liberation theology and the prosperity gospel exemplify his argument—each, in its own way, giving Caesar more than his due and neglecting what is God's. □

# Utopianism Tempered by Greed

MARK FALCOFF

THE FRENCH actor Yves Montand once told Richard Grenier that he had never read a word of Karl Marx, but had become a Communist after seeing Sergei Eisenstein's epic film, *The Battleship Potemkin*. "Our opponents consider culture a battleground like any other," Grenier concludes from this incident. And then he pointedly asks, "Shouldn't we?"

The answer is that we should—and Richard Grenier has been doing it from our side longer than just about anyone else, first in *Commentary*, then (all too briefly) at the *New York Times*, and now for some years as cultural columnist-at-large for the *Washington Times*. *Capturing the Culture* is a vintage collection of Grenier's work, and illustrates how the whole notion of "critical reading of texts," so beloved of our campus feminist–Marxists, can be turned very usefully on its head. This book includes major and minor pieces, as our critic ranges freely across the American cultural landscape, insect gun loaded and ready.

***Capturing the Culture: Film, Art, and Politics, by Richard Grenier (Ethics and Public Policy Center, 430 pp., $24.95)***

Grenier's principal point in these essays is that mass entertainment in the

*Mr. Falcoff, a native of Hollywood, is a resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.*



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United States is in the hands of heavily ideological writers, producers, directors, and actors, and while the subliminal (or not so subliminal) message does not always "take," sometimes it at least "softens up the viewer, which is an achievement in itself, since it makes manners of thinking that might earlier have seemed outlandish, familiar and even tolerable."

Now, what he is saying here is decidedly *not* that Hollywood has been taken over by the Commies—today's movie colony (unlike yesterday's) could hardly be regarded as Marxist in any formal or serious sense. Rather, he argues, American film and television people are *culturally* ideological—that is, members of what he calls the "soft Left," which he defines as "far more woolly than hard . . . floating lightheartedly from one notion to the next often without any clear idea that these various political belief systems have clear-cut precepts, sometimes incompatible."

The defining element is a "persistent utopianism . . . in the name of which some shining social ideal or other, no matter how unworkable, will always be honored." The classic example is Warren Beatty's *Reds*, a highly fictionalized film biography of American radical writer John Reed set against the Russian Revolution of 1917; its entire argument could be summarized this way: Admittedly, things didn't go so well in Russia after Lenin's takeover of the Winter Palace, but after all, the Bolsheviks *meant* well! The same excuse is offered for journalists who deliberately lied about the Nicaraguan civil war in order to bring the Sandinistas to power (*Under Fire*), or Sir Richard Attenborough's necklace-using members of the African National Congress in *Cry Freedom*. Or the mock-elegant British variation, what Grenier calls "treason chic," where becoming a foreign agent is really quite all right as long as you were merely reacting to adolescent traumas at boarding school (*Another Country*); or as long as you maintained your basic human decency while passing secrets to the enemy (*An Englishman Abroad*).

Grenier also explains what might be called the political economy of entertainment in the United States today, which he summarizes as "utopianism tempered by greed." This is another way of saying, Thank heavens for the bottom line and flinty-eyed bankers: without them, the handful of patriotic films, or films that are hard on criminal violence, would never get made at all. There certainly is no other way to understand the mere existence of Clint Eastwood films, or of Sylvester Stallone's Rambo series.

American filmmaking, Grenier explains, is ruled by a complex demographics. In effect, the United States is "two nations, easily recognizable by manners and speech. Jane Fonda draws the 'university' crowd. Clint Eastwood draws the skilled industrial workers, farmers, men who, if they no longer work with their hands, come from an America different from the Vassar that produced Jane Fonda and Meryl Streep." Eastwood's *Dirty Harry* films, by the way—all of which deal with vigilante justice—are hugely successful with black audiences, a fact that is apparently well known in Hollywood studio offices but almost nowhere else. (This is not to be wondered at, given the fact that inner-city black communities are the primary targets of lawless violence, and the principal victims of liberal notions of criminal justice.)

Contrast this with Costa-Gavras's ghastly film *Betrayed*—a "docu-drama" purporting to show the existence of a dark fascist underground in the United States—which was a resounding commercial flop. Grenier asks rhetorically why, "in an age where the average movie costs $20 million, and must be seen by seven million people to make a profit, such a film . . . even gets financed." Or *Cry Freedom*—"one of the worst box-office fiascos of the season." This book provides the disturbing answer.

In spite of his half-hearted efforts to disguise the fact, Richard Grenier is one of our two or three most cultured and deeply read American critics. He is perhaps the closest thing conservatives will ever have to an Edmund Wilson of their own. The prose is rich in fresh metaphors—and unlike the pompous Wilson, Grenier is wickedly funny. My favorite one-liner is this: "Paul Moore, Episcopal Bishop of New York, who is never unfashionable, thinks that *The Last Temptation of*


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*Christ* is 'right on'!" But others may prefer Grenier's remark that Charlie Chaplin was "probably called a genius to his face more than any man in history," or his comment that if Stalin were alive today, he might well be referred to on CBS as a "prominent 'liberal activist.'" But read on! *Capturing the Culture* may not accomplish everything it sets out to do, but it is a reassuring salvo in the right direction. □

## FILM

# Softenings

JOHN SIMON

***Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*** is based on the two celebrated novels that Evan S. Connell wrote ten years apart. In *Mrs. Bridge*, he told the story from the point of view of the docile upper-middle-class housewife in Kansas City, who lives only for her prosperous lawyer husband and her children, two girls and a boy. Though she has finer stirrings and sometimes even the tiniest rebelliousness in the name of self-expression, these are quickly squelched (usually by herself) as she goes on being a genteelly frustrated but exemplary wife and mother. In *Mr. Bridge*, a decade later, the same ground was covered from the husband's point of view, with generally different episodes neatly fitted in between those of the first novel. It was a genuine tour de force to get so much complementary mileage out of routine lives without letting the attention flag even if the two books were read in quick succession.

As it happens, I saw the film, which conflates the two novels into just 124 minutes of screen time, before I had read either book. So I was impressed by this, to me, most successful collaboration of the trio Ismail Merchant (producer), James Ivory (director), and Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (writer) since their first joint venture, *Shakespeare Wallah* (1965). As I keep saying, the producer-director team, with or without Mrs. Jhabvala, strikes me as invincible amateurs, their films betraying a certain shakiness, propensity for *faux pas*, home-movie-ishness despite good production values, and deliberate aestheticizing as of someone buffing his or her fingernails ostentatiously a few times too often.

In *Shakespeare Wallah*, the Indian locale that is the team's forte was still

Alan Nahigian

new to us. Satyajit Ray had tackled it from the native point of view; here, however, was a combined Indian and European sensibility at work: Mrs. Jhabvala is a German Jewess educated in England, married to an Indian and living in India. It was a sub-Forster sensibility (as the trio's version of *A Room with a View* made abundantly clear), but it had its mid-level charm. In *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*, however, they seemed to me to have hit it just right.

Connell's novels are written in diminutive chapters a few pages each, each an epiphany of sorts and sufficient unto itself. But the gaps between are no more disturbing than the spaces between the tesserae of a mosaic. The stuffy Mr. B., good-natured in his pompous way; the faintly pathetic Mrs. B., saved by being only intermittently aware of her repression; the beautiful, flighty daughter; the level-headed, stubborn other daughter; the withdrawn, inscrutable son—all these are held together by a tone of understated satire. A satire more pitying than biting, but still laughing—sadly—at these lives on which the mute pedal is seldom released, and then only for willfulness or anger.

Or so it seems in the film. But upon reading the books, I find them considerably grittier, more penetrating, better. The lives of the Bridges, their friends, acquaintances, and servants are much more sharply dissected, to reveal deeper flaws, more acrid conflicts, more disturbing victories and defeats. There is a bracing toughness about Connell's writing that the movie frequently Jhabvalizes away. Thus both Mr. and Mrs. Bridge die in the fiction, and die deaths emblematic of their essences; the movie, however, keeps both of them alive and adds shamelessly ingratiating endings for the rest of the family as well. These are not even dramatized, but relegated to those irritating final title cards that, ever since Costa-Gavras's *Z*, have become the lazy or evasive way to end a movie. Good when they serve an ironic purpose, they are intolerable as sappy glossings over.

What greatly helps the movie despite the edulcoration is whatever of Connell does survive, plus the better than usual production values. Thus Tony Pierce-Roberts has evolved into a keen cinematographer, Richard Robbins has toned down the boisterous eclecticism of his scoring, David Gropman's production design is unassumingly astute. Above all, there is some noteworthy acting.

As Mrs. Bridge, Joanne Woodward is, in a word, perfection. There is in her performance the histrionic equivalent of a singer's perfect pitch: pathos, absurdity, staunchness, vestigial self-assertion, compliant self-effacement, intense (but not exaggerated) solicitude, benighted provincialism, tremulous openness to higher things, and boundless decency are all there in just proportions, sometimes warring with one another, sometimes in meek harmony. It is a performance that moves you so deeply precisely because it does not stink to please, as Hollywood star turns, however deft in other ways, so often do.

As Mr. Bridge, Paul Newman is thoroughly workmanlike, though no more than that; yet in the part of a straight but blinkered, attractive but emotionally hobbled man, this will suffice. In the supporting cast, only Kyra Sedgwick, as the rebel daughter, is unsatisfactory; everyone else does well or better. There are outstanding

*Mr. Simon,* NR*'s film critic, is also theater critic for* New York *magazine.*



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contributions from Blythe Danner, as a wife driven mad by suffocating *embourgeoisement*; from Diane Kagan, as a faithful secretary for twenty years whose secret passion for Mr. Bridge finally bursts out, only to leave him more emotionally constipated than ever; and from Austin Pendleton (finally not miscast), as an art teacher reduced to door-to-door salesman. And there are pungent contributions also from Simon Callow, Gale Garnett, and others.

The ultimate cravenness of the Merchant–Ivory–Jhabvala team does, however, exemplify what keeps our cinema from coming of age. As independent filmmakers, they could set an example to Hollywood instead of toeing the line. Though they can, left to their own devices, come up with such horrors as *Savages* and *Slaves of New York*, here—prodded by Miss Woodward, who initiated the project—they were on the verge of genuine, major achievement. And, thanks largely but not wholly to her performance, they come within striking distance. Alas, you can't get the full benefit of the film without rushing home and reading the books.

■ ***Awakenings***, although much less successful than *Mr. and Mrs. Bridge*, is also based on a remarkable book, Oliver Sacks's collection of case studies of the same title, and principally on the case of Leonard L. The book, as you may know, concerns Dr. Sacks's work with the survivors of the great 1926 epidemic of sleeping sickness, i.e., encephalitis lethargica, and their brief "awakenings" thanks to the drug L-DOPA (unfortunate name, that!), which, in 1969 and intermittently thereafter, brought them back to ephemeral normality.

It is an object lesson in how Hollywood perverts reality even when it tries to deal with a serious subject based on clinical and historical truth: compare the "Leonard L." section of the book with the movie Penny Marshall has directed from Steven Zaillian's screenplay, and weep. Leonard's story is oversimplified, falsified, romanticized; some of the "enkies" brought in as a gallery of supporting characters fare even worse. They are treated either too cursorily as (gulp!) comic relief—and played by an uneven assortment of actors, some of whom are cheap hams—or else dwelt on just enough to make us want to know more, as in the case of Lucy, beautifully enacted by Alice Drummond, but left dangling by the script.

Miss Marshall, who came out of television and whose previous hit was *Big* (an interesting idea similarly syruped up), turns *Awakenings* into a two-handkerchief picture, like *Rain Man*, only worse yet. We are to laugh and weep at the ups and downs of these quaint, lovable, funny-sad people with one foot in life and another in dreamland; more important, in Zaillian's schematic screenplay, we get a conventional Hollywood love story in the relationship of timid Dr. Malcolm Sayer (really Sacks) and the devoted nurse who eventually wears down his preternatural man-of-science absorption and turns him into a loving human being.

The way the movie presents Sayer there is something mighty peculiar about his avoidance of female companionship, about his fanatical shyness and standoffishness despite his warm, humanitarian love for his patients. We are asked to root almost as much for his awakening to romance as for his patients' to life. At least when Jimmy Stewart bumbled his way through to happiness in the old Frank Capra days, the whole movie was patently fairy-tale stuff.

The formula, of course, demands a villain as well, so we get a head physician who runs the hospital as nearly as possible like a prison. (So hoky is the film that the hospital where these events took place did its best to remove its name from the film.) This fictitious Dr. Kaufman, played by the once very talented John Heard, now specializing in stereotypical heavies, is all orneriness, obtuseness, obnoxiousness, a perfect match in exaggeration for Dr. Sayer.

And what a further contingent of medical, nursing, and hospital-worker stereotypes we are subjected to! A few actors transcend the clichés, but the rest, with the director's manifest blessing, play right into them. And not content with Dr. Sayer's late-blooming romance, the filmmakers give us also a quasi-love story for Leonard and a glaringly incredible young woman, Paula, whom the gifted Penelope Ann Miller tries vainly to make real. Disheartening, too, is how the real-life Sacks, in the latest reissue of his book,


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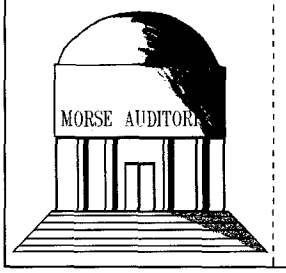


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pays fulsome tribute to the hacks who have trivialized his true story. Is he that screen-struck, or does he honestly believe that half-truths are better than nothing? *Awakenings*, like so much of Hollywood's output, should be stamped by the FTC with a motto from T. S. Eliot: "Human kind cannot bear very much reality."

But there are, once again, mitigating circumstances. There is the finely chiseled cinematography of Miroslav Ondriček, a number of solid supporting performances, and the work of the two leads. As Sayer, Robin Williams, thanks to his gift for mimicry and close observation of Sacks, comes up with his best performance since Garp. But the film's glory is the Leonard of Robert De Niro. Particularly well backed up by Ruth Nelson in the part of his mother, De Niro once again amazes us with his ability for total submersion in a role, no matter how different from or dangerously similar to his last. This Leonard is too harrowingly real for facile sympathy, too much like us to dismiss with a few uplifting tears. If only the entire picture had as much grit as his contribution—but then Hollywood would cease being Hollywood. □


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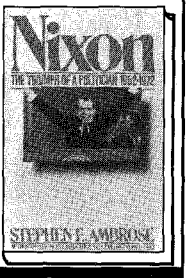


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## DELECTATIONS

# Awash in a Sea of Catalogues

NIKA HAZELTON

I HAVE RECEIVED 226 catalogues in the mail since November 1, 1990. Why, I do not know, since I have never bought anything from any of them, save for one (Williams-Sonoma). And at that, there are, mercifully, whole areas of special interests whose catalogues I don't receive at all —computers and their hard- and software, for example.

From the number of mail-order houses that seem to stay in business from year to year, I can only deduce that Americans don't like to shop in stores any longer, preferring to select merchandise in the privacy of their homes. But I can't help wondering who dreams some of these things up.

One thing I have noticed, in going over this three-month collection of catalogues all at once, is that the objects sold therein are often duplicated from one house to another—especially the real kitsch and, on the other hand, the really expensive items (presumably, in the latter case, because the number of firms that produce these items is limited). Another common element I have noticed is that the most expensive items are at the back of the book—interspersed with a few of the cheaper ones. I call this a cheap come-on, forsooth. Furthermore, a typical trick of these catalogues is to say "Limited Quantity" in the description of some of the more profitable items.

In examining the sorts of merchandise offered for sale, I have taken the cheapest catalogue I receive and the most expensive. Let us begin with the indefatigable Joan Cook. She mailed out an opus (labeled Special Holiday Preview) which proclaimed on the cover that she had been in business since 1955, and that delivery is by Federal Express in three days. Inside, we are offered housewares such as Corn Dog Holders—four dishwasher-proof plastic dachshunds with metal prongs, for $11; Reindeer for Christmas bearing captions such as LIGHTS! MUSIC! ACTION! for $20 each; a machine for phony excuses, said to be "an excellent gift idea for the busy executive or domestic engineer," yours for 25 bucks; a fine-looking West German dish drainer, yours for $29; an Underwater Stem Cutter for $16; and a Literary Lamptable, "to adorn the family room, game room, and den," at $149, with an additional freight charge of $16.

On the other end of the scale is Hammacher Schlemmer. The catalogue they sent out in November sports five rows of multi-colored balls, without identification; the cover mentions only the name of the house, and the fact that it was established in 1848. Inside, the firm congratulates itself that its items "are unconditionally guaranteed. No questions asked." Furthermore, "For 142 years Hammacher Schlemmer has found some remarkable products that were either introduced or sold exclusively by us. Remarkable because of their design, their quality, their uniqueness, their tradition."

I set out to find the cheapest thing offered in this catalogue. It proved to be the U.S. Geography Pack: "These 20 maps challenge players to match states to their nicknames; locate U.S.A. war and battle sites; plus many more." The Geography Pack costs $12.95—the one and only thing in the catalogue at this price. On the other hand, the Original Schwinn Black Phantom Bicycle—described in really winged prose—is $3,499. But you must "Order early; only 15 available." The description begins; "Offered exclusively by Hammacher Schlemmer, this is not a replica, but an actual Schwinn Black Phantom"—and so on for 24 lines. It is the first item mentioned as you open the catalogue. On the same page, however, is another Schwinn Black Phantom Bicycle—this one a replica, for only $49.95. Among the other items this catalogue lists are a Pain-Relieving Ice Pillow for $49.99; a Cedar Compost Bin for $129; a Computerized Bridge Competitor for $129; and then the HS Traditions (adver-

*(Continues on page 61)*

*Mrs. Hazelton's latest book is* Ups and Downs: Memoirs of Another Time.



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# TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 E | 2 B | 3 F | 4 K | 5 I | 6 G | 7 L | | 8 A | 9 D | 10 T | | 11 N | 12 U | | 13 B | 14 F | | 15 D | 16 G |
| 17 M | | 18 P | 19 L | 20 H | 21 O | | 22 K | 23 F | 24 J | 25 G | 26 B | | 27 D | 28 E | | 29 C | 30 I | 31 R | |
| 32 H | 33 K | 34 F | 35 A | 36 N | | 37 F | 38 Q | 39 D | 40 M | 41 B | | 42 I | 43 R | 44 S | 45 U | 46 L | 47 D | | 48 O |
| 49 E | 50 A | 51 B | 52 I | 53 C | 54 G | | 55 H | 56 E | 57 K | 58 M | 59 Q | | 60 E | 61 G | 62 J | 63 S | | 64 E | 65 F |
| 66 A | 67 G | 68 C | 69 T | | 70 K | 71 N | 72 R | 73 F | 74 P | | 75 L | 76 M | 77 J | 78 E | 79 B | | 80 H | 81 F | 82 K |
| | 83 E | 84 Q | 85 S | 86 J | | 87 P | 88 U | | 89 A | 90 C | 91 J | 92 T | 93 I | 94 G | 95 M | 96 P | 97 O | 98 R | 99 E |
| 100B | 101K | 102Q | | 103L | 104D | 105H | | 106C | 107A | 108K | | 109F | 110E | 111H | 112B | 113N | 114R | 115L | |
| 116B | 117A | 118M | 119S | 120E | | 121K | 122R | 123D | 124F | | 125G | 126Q | 127H | 128S | 129A | | 130G | 131T | |
| 132J | 133D | 134Q | 135L | | 136N | 137O | | 138T | 139U | 140M | | 141K | 142B | 143O | 144J | 145D | 146E | 147C | 148L |
| 149P | 150I | 151U | | 152P | 153N | 154C | 155A | 156G | 157F | 158D | 159I | | | | | | | | |

## DEFINITIONS

A. Stage of life — 155 107 117 35 129 8 66 50 89

B. Tiny European duchy — 116 51 41 26 2 13 100 142 79 112

C. Quarterback, for one — 147 106 53 68 154 29 90

D. Render impotent — 104 123 158 15 145 9 39 27 47 133

E. Objective for Def. C. — 83 56 1 146 60 78 110 28 120 49

99 64

F. Walter Reed subject (2 words) — 124 65 109 23 157 81 37 3 73 14

34

G. Chinese musical piece? — 25 16 61 67 94 54 130 6 156 125

H. Plain truth — 20 127 55 105 80 32 111

I. Art form — 150 159 42 30 5 93 52

J. Stupendous, man! — 24 132 144 86 62 91 77

K. Member of the divorce proceeding — 4 57 141 22 33 101 70 108 82 121

L. Aardvark — 103 19 75 135 7 115 46 148

M. Not one of the two — 118 140 40 95 76 17 58

N. Scant supply — 36 113 136 71 11 153

O. Hamburger form — 143 97 137 48 21

P. Notre Dame's Ismail — 96 18 152 149 74 87

Q. Annual commemoration in the Christian world — 59 84 102 126 38 134

R. Calm — 114 72 43 98 122 31

S. Baseball statistic — 119 85 44 128 63

T. Famous — 131 92 138 69 10

U. Canine, for one — 151 88 12 45 139

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 60 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**



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### Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

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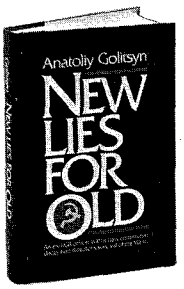


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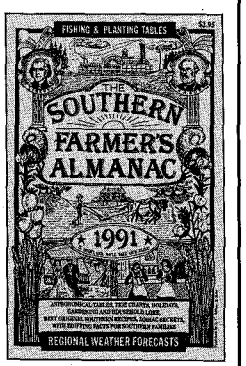


**HAZELTON**

(Continued from page 58)

tised as such), including the Home Fireplace Vacuum, for $139.50. And so on and on, ending with "The Best"—e.g., The Best Bathroom Scale, according to comparison tests conducted by the Hammacher Schlemmer Institute, at $229; The Best Nose-Hair Trimmer, at only $19.95; and the Best Telephone Answering Machine, for $199. All I can say is that this catalogue is not for me; but if it is for you, and if you somehow are not already on HS's mailing list, I urge you to sign up.

Meanwhile, I must mention one last catalogue, that of F. A. O. Schwarz, the toney children's store. It is gay and not ponderous—though not cheap. But I have always been a sucker for kids and their toys. □



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## Hate the Eighties?

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28

I note (as you have done, one assumes) that the Eighties are held up for scorn & raillery by trendy opinion-makers. Everything that came out of the Eighties is held to be somehow contaminated, the great contaminator being, of course, Ronald Reagan. John Leonard, an amusing and learned critic and a devout iconoclast, writes in the current *New York* magazine, ". . . Nevertheless, *Making Sense of the Sixties* is an excellent primer, not least because it reminds us of why the Eighties were so contemptible." And where that sentence sits in his review isn't at the dramatic epicenter, where you would expect the author to shout out "*J'accuse!*" or "Give me liberty or give me death!" It comes in that part of the review where you might expect to read, Patent Pending, or To Be Continued, or Reprinted by Permission: We are supposed to *know* that everything about the Eighties was contemptible.

A couple of weeks ago when we saw the Patriot missile knock down enemy missiles which might otherwise have destroyed the lives of human beings, those of us who thought there was something to be said for the Eighties smiled a little smile of satisfaction. Bang! Columnist Leslie Gelb of the *New York Times* goes hysterical at any suggestion that Ronald Reagan is to get any credit for the development of the Patriot. "The Patriot is not now and never has been part of the Strategic Defense Initiative programs and owes nothing of its success to Star Wars technology. . . . Remember the Star Wars fantasy. The Weinberger–Reagan team spilled about $20 billion down the drain on that scheme, which could have cost $250 billion, to destroy all attacking Soviet missiles."

But just because the person who invented the wheelbarrow was different from the man who envisioned the truck has very little to do with the credit owing to those who have had the imagination to back SDI, and if Mr. Gelb believes that we have "wasted" $20 billion on Star Wars, he should account for the brilliant successes of the tests of Brilliant Pebbles, which—if Congress wakes up—will serve the needs of nations and continents tomorrow, as the Patriot has served the needs of Israel and Saudi Arabia today.

The Eighties gave us (have we forgotten?) the end of Soviet ideology as a world force, and (we hope) the end of the cold war. That happened because Mr. Reagan accepted certain assumptions, one of them that the only way finally to discourage the Soviet Union was to rebuild the military, deploy theater weapons in Europe, and celebrate the productivity of free U.S. enterprise over against the collectivism of Communist economics. And to do this required staring at the findings of conspicuous American wisemen and saying, "Shucks, professor, I think you're wrong."

The shambles we all now know as the only thing in the Soviet Union that flourishes wasn't recognized, during the Eighties, by great lights of the economics profession. Professor John Kenneth Galbraith wrote in 1984 that "The Soviet economy has made great national progress in recent years." If by "recent years" he had meant between 1905 and 1914, he'd have been right; otherwise he was—how would Mr. Leonard have put it?—contemptibly wrong.

Or consider Professor Paul Samuelson, Nobel laureate: "It is a vulgar mistake to think that most people in Eastern Europe are miserable." What is the appropriate adjective to use for those who believe that most people in Eastern Europe were content?

And listen to some of the more technically minded economists, like Professor Lester Thurow of MIT, who wrote this in 1989, presumably at least 24 hours before the descent of the Berlin Wall: "Can economic command significantly compress and accelerate the growth process? The remarkable performance of the Soviet Union suggests that it can. In 1920 Russia was but a minor figure in the economic councils of the world. Today it is a country whose economic achievements bear comparison with those of the United States." Yep, and in Leningrad they are rationing bread.

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Thirty years ago Whittaker Chambers told me, "The Communists can build satellites that circle the planet, but they can't make shredded wheat." Mr. Chambers was not an economist, but he knew something about the correlation of forces. Every decade has ugly aspects, including those decades in which Aristotle and Pericles were central figures. The offhanded denigration of the Eighties tells us nothing about the Eighties worth knowing, but a great deal about those who denigrate them. □

## Vietnam and Desert Storm

NEW YORK, JANUARY 23

It is past time to exorcise the hypnotic idea that wherever or whenever the United States uses its military, it is courting another Vietnam. Here are some of the differences between Vietnam and Desert Storm:

1. Behind Vietnam were one and one-half superpowers. The Soviet Union was militant from the beginning in its backing for Ho Chi Minh. Khrushchev, in his last months in power, denounced the United States' retaliatory bombing after the Gulf of Tonkin incident, and Brezhnev railed against United States imperialism in Asia, as did Mao Tse-tung. The rhetoric was the least of it: Into Haiphong harbor and Sihanoukville, the supply ships poured in the hardware necessary to fight—anti-aircraft missiles, rifles, mortars, machine guns, hand grenades. The existence of these two mighty nations standing behind North Vietnam inevitably influenced our military behavior.

—In the Gulf, there is no major power backing Iraq.

2. Whenever the subject of Vietnam arose in international councils, the North Vietnamese were defended not only by the Soviet veto in the Security Council, but by the raucous vote of the spastically anti-colonialist Third World.



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—In the Gulf, Iraq is supported only by Cuba, Yemen, and Libya.

3. The conduct of the Vietnam War was superintended first by Lyndon Johnson, who never went to bed (as he once said) without first checking out the bombing pattern for the next day and okaying it; and, subsequently, by Richard Nixon, who was constrained by the fear of critically offending first China, then the Soviet Union. By the time (1972) he was ready to risk the carpet-bombing of Hanoi, it was too late. Eight years of demoralization had eaten into the morale of the South, and United States troops were gone, and the end came.

—In the Gulf, President Bush has not become the political general superintending every move. He has made the decisions, he has given orders through the Pentagon, and the Pentagon has given authority to generals in the field to effect their objective.

4. The terrain is different. Those who think this immaterial know nothing about warfare. If someone thinks that dense forests, copious vegetation, swampy canyons, and high hills and mountains shielded by trees and shrubs are really no different from vast desert, such a person is capable of saying that there is no difference between day and night. We had sovereign air power in Vietnam, but never quite knew what to shoot at, because the enemy was frequently invisible and, when seen, indistinguishable from friendly South Vietnamese.

—In the Gulf, the Iraqi military have no place to hide except in underground bunkers. An army cannot lie indefinitely in underground bunkers and control surrounding territory.

5. In Vietnam, computer technology was relatively new. Before last week, the last time the United States had used its heavy bombers was 18 years ago. We did not have the smart bombs or the laser technology that make bombing one hundred times as effective.

—In the Gulf we have offensive and defensive technology of an advanced kind. The smart bombs, the cruise missiles, and the Patriot defensive missiles have all proved critically advantageous.

6. In Vietnam, the pace of combat might have been greatly accelerated had President Johnson made the correct decisions early on. But whatever was done would have required ground combat for one year or more, with high casualties and a lesion of the national will.

—In the Gulf, it is entirely conceivable that we will win the war quickly, and primarily through the exertions of the air forces. There will never need to be a long black wall exhibiting the names of 58,000 dead Americans.

So. To compare the two is the equivalent of comparing the Grand Canyon and Niagara Falls. They are both military engagements, as the two sites are great natural phenomena. Beyond that, they are—as night, to day. □

## *Is It Worth Joey's Life?*

NEW YORK, JANUARY 25

The antiwar people are still hanging in there with the cry, "We won't die for oil!" but that moral-geopolitical analysis is tending to run dry as the perception widens that "oil" is simply the convenient symbol of the kind of worldwide aggression that Saddam Hussein had in mind when he overran Kuwait and dealt with it in ways that reminded old-timers of the Rape of Nanking (we hanged the Japanese general who supervised that operation). "Oil" is or can be as pointed a weapon as bread or water: industrial societies cannot operate without oil, and most Americans with any imagination acknowledge that they do not wish to engage in a massive retreat to Walden Pond, where they can live beautiful and pure lives without phones, refrigeration, television, toasters, or Nintendo.

Perhaps in recognition of how straitened their arguments are, we hear now the personalization. Anna Quindlen of the *New York Times*, scoffing at the low casualty figures, says sure, it doesn't matter that six American aviators have been killed—unless one of them is "your father, your brother, your husband, or your lover." And from Arthur Schlesinger Jr., no less—a renowned historian—the comment that the Gulf War is "not worth one human life."

Now such formulations as these are guaranteed crowd pleasers. But they are, really, most dreadfully irresponsible. The argument about a single human life being worth more than—everything else you can think of—has the appeal of causing the listener to think of his wife or her husband or their baby child, and ask the question, Would I trade the life of my dear one in exchange for a return to $18 oil? And the answer, if not the reasoning process, is instantly clarified: or, rather, made more obscure. And the only way to fight it is by turning the melodrama upside down and asking the question, Was it reasonable for Patrick Henry to say, "Give me liberty or give me death?" But back up for a moment. There are fifty thousand Americans who are killed every year in automobiles. Why doesn't Arthur Schlesinger say that automobiles should be banned, because the pleasure he takes from them—going to Americans for Democratic Action rallies, driving to the White House when he had offices there, driving down to Coney Island for an afternoon of fun—these are all very well but are they worth the life of: his wife, his child, his sister, or Jackie? Let us suppose that I am addressing a thirty-year-old man with a little three-year-old girl and I say: "I am the God of justice and balance, and I ask you to choose between giving up for the rest of your life driving an automobile, and losing the life of your child." What will you say? Yes, me too: the child will live, but the god who gave me the alternative I'll stick pins into for the rest of my life.

The attempt to answer military questions by asking the question, How much do you love the kid over there who just got married, the youngest son of proud and devoted parents? is a sentimentalization of important calculations that are necessarily made, so to speak, in cold blood. Liberty, Jefferson once said, needs to be watered regularly by the blood of tyrants and patriots. That is a little like saying it in Hollywoodese, but you can dry out that observation and ask, Is it or is it not historically the case that a society needs to defend its freedoms?

If the answer is, yes, this does need to be done, then you accost the second question: Does the threat to your freedom begin on the day that the Nazi trooper deposits you in a train to Buchenwald? Or does it begin a little bit before that time—say when Hitler took over the Rhineland and it was still possible to stop him? Or, for that matter, when Hitler seized absolute power in Germany and became visible, to the farsighted, as a genuine threat to European peace? It wasn't just Joey who died finally stopping Hitler, it was millions of Joeys.

A mature society alert to timely action against destroyers of the peace makes its bid. It might say—to use a round figure—that one-fifth of one per cent of the population is going to die every generation in order to preserve freedom. That's five hundred thousand people: about what we lost in the three wars that spanned a single generation, World War II, Korea, and Vietnam. It is calculations of that order that arm us for the casualty figures ahead, and it doesn't mean the death of Joey won't be heartbreaking to those who love him. □

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# OFF THE RECORD

**He Told You So.** Next to Ronald Reagan, the most ridiculed conservative in America has to be Dan Quayle, who as a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee carried the water for the defense buildup of the 1980s. Like Reagan, the Vice President is laughing last these days. In a 1987 op-ed piece in the *Washington Post*, Senator Quayle cited the missile buildup of Third World nations such as Iraq and argued that the way to counter proliferation was for the United States to develop high-tech defenses—e.g., the Patriot and Tomahawk missiles. This was at a time when the U.S. was concerned about China's sale of its Silkworm cruise missiles to Iran.

Today Quayle's remarks look exceptionally prescient. "So long as nations think they can make a quantum jump in military power easily by acquiring missiles," wrote Senator Quayle, "many will try. What we've got to do is make sure that missile technology is difficult, expensive, and militarily counterproductive for them. If we don't, this technology will spread faster than we can cope with it—so fast that it will make our current crisis in the Persian Gulf the least of our missile woes." Not the sort of thing that plays well on the Johnny Carson circuit.

**The Church Militant.** You would think the aftermath of the fall of Saigon—the boat people, the Cambodian killing fields, the Vietnamese Gulag—would have taught us that the absence of combat does not necessarily equal peace. Apparently not the Roman Catholic bishop of Richmond, Va., Walter Sullivan, who has issued a pastoral letter declaring the war against Iraq "unjustified and immoral" and said Catholics in the military (more than two million) would be justified in refusing to serve. That, of course, is a personal opinion, and a spokesman for the U.S. military archdiocese emphasizes that "the Church has not declared this war immoral."

Those familiar with Bishop Sullivan tell us that his disagreement is not so much with our particular policy in the Persian Gulf; he appears to object to the idea of having a military at all. That's a common enough sentiment among left-leaning men of the cloth these days, but the reason that this particular bishop's statements have kicked up such a ruckus is that his diocese includes a large number of military families, such as those at the huge Norfolk Naval Base. Editor Bill Wood of the *Virginian Pilot and the Ledger Star* says letters to his paper are running roughly 6 to 1 against His Excellency. Seems these folks think peace is just too important to be left to the peaceniks.

**Free ABC, NBC, and CBS!** It's not often that Cato has evidence of injustice done to rather than by American television, but it appears that in a regulatory question now before the FCC, the networks are on the side of the angels. They are seeking to overturn a 1970 FCC prohibition on networks' ownership of their prime-time programs. Although the regulation was designed to reduce the networks' dominance of the market (an end better achieved through cable and VCRs), thanks to the law of unintended consequences it turns out to be a nice bit of domestic protectionism for the just-as-wealthy studios. When you consider that the syndication deal for *The Cosby Show* came to some $800 million, you understand why the networks' gripe. But if a Bush-appointed FCC official has her way, the prohibition will stand.

That commissioner, Sherrie Marshall, circulated a memorandum in October that proposes essentially retaining the status quo through a host of new regulations all too characteristic of this Administration's reversal of the successes of the last decade; indeed, the Justice Department blasted the proposal as introducing yet more hindrances to free trade. A final decision will be announced some time in March, with the networks hoping that the two swing votes will come down for deregulation. Looks to Cato like the first time the networks have made the case for self-interest, properly understood.

**Unionized They Stand.** Ever wonder how Congress can continue its profligate ways in the face of taxpayer hostility? One big reason might be the powerful support it gets from union bosses. In a striking exercise, Reed Larson of National Right to Work took the twenty best and twenty worst congressmen from the National Taxpayer Union's tax-and-spend index, and compared the findings to union support. He found—surprise!—that unions' average contribution to the worst representatives was $81,147, compared to a measly $1,163 for the best. That's a ratio of 70 to 1 in contribution dollars in favor of the guys wearing the black hats. Oh, yes, the twenty best and twenty worst split exactly along party lines.

**Touchy, Aren't We?** Cato hears that Mr. Darman was so ticked off by Lance Morrow's "Old Paradigm, New Paradigm" article in the January 14 issue of *Time* that he wrote a two-thousand-word response—and was persuaded only at the last moment not to send it in. Too bad they didn't get to him before he sent in the last budget. —CATO



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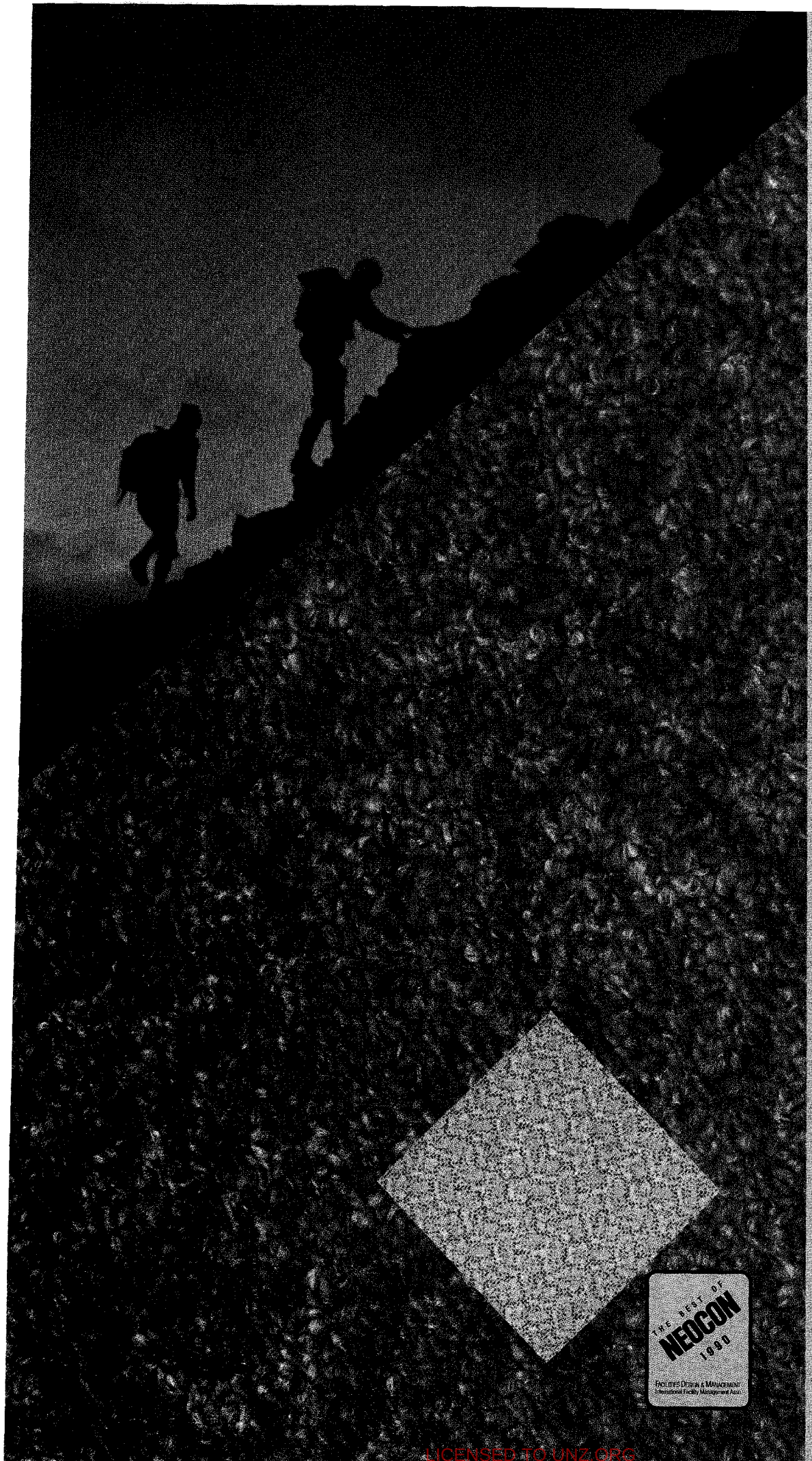


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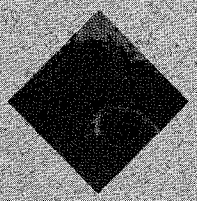

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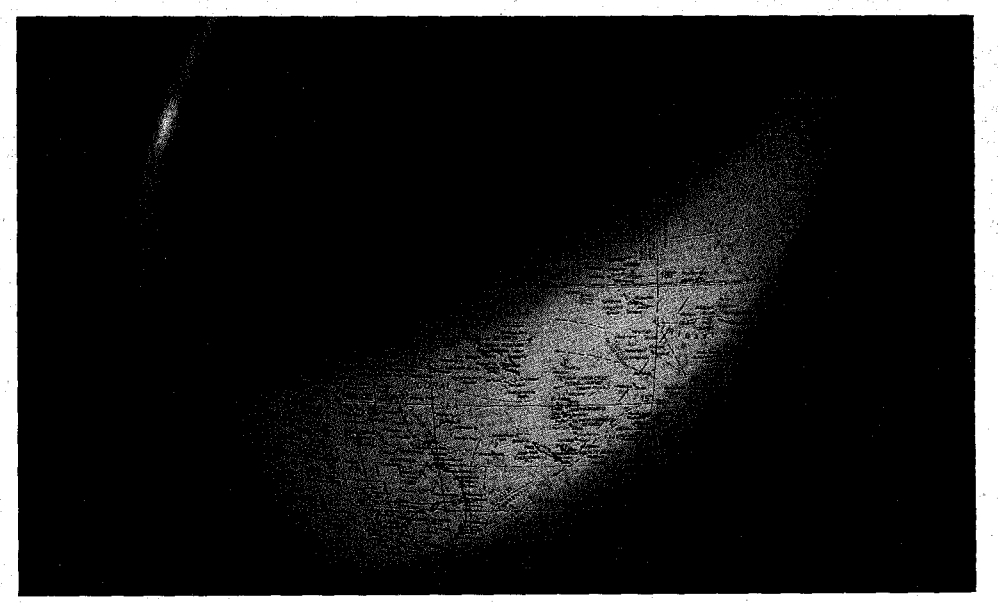

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